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CERTIFICATES OF PURITY, in Chicago's anti-British-textbooks war, have been issued to three historians. The fortunate ones are Albert Bushnell Hart, C. H. Van Tyne, and Willis Mason West. Mr. "Sport" Herrman, Mayor Thompson's public-library investigator, has pronounced histories of the War of Independence written by these three men to be fit for the American child. Mr. Herrman explained that he had not exactly read the books but that he had "looked through them" and they were "all right." Others besides the three authors in question must draw a sigh of relief. Not only have Mayor Thompson and his band decided not to burn the nasty books they think corrupting and pro-British; but they have actually found books already in print which will do. This is very cheering; we had begun to fear that no such books would be found and that Mr. Herrman would have to write them, or perhaps Mayor Thompson himself. Meanwhile, all is not well in the Thompson camp. Time was when prospects looked bright for a "Thompson for President" boom. Now rude citizens in all parts of the country are laughing at Chicago's mayor for his dust storm over the British menace, and as every little schoolboy knows, the minute you begin to laugh at a Presidential candidate, that candidate's chances are a flop. You may insult him, you may make unpleasant insinuations about his private life or his public character, you may call him a bully, a hypocrite, a crook, a time-server. But no matter what you call him, you must *not* smile.

SECRETARY WILBUR has run true to navy form in detaching Rear Admiral Magruder from the command of the navy yard at Philadelphia after declaring that no punitive action would be taken against him. We have carefully read such extracts from the correspondence as have been published and are impressed with the way in which the Admiral, who had written in the *Saturday Evening Post* that the United States was paying $300,000,000 for a $200,000,000 navy, stuck to his guns in the face of Secretary Wilbur's belligerent letters. The Secretary was palpably insincere in asserting that the detachment of the Admiral was not a disciplinary action but simply an administrative one. What has happened to the Admiral is precisely the historic fate meted out to anybody in either the army and navy who revolts against the system. If an officer dares to criticize publicly he is likely to be court-martialed or thrown out—witness the fate of Colonel Mitchell. If a dissenting officer protests through the regular official channels his reports are promptly pigeonholed and never heard from again. Competent civilians, if given a free hand, could, we are sure, save hundreds of millions in both services. But once in the service the progressive officer might as well submit to powerlessness unless, like Admiral Sims in his historic crusade against the bad target practice of the navy, he has newspapers and politicians to help him. In this case President Coolidge has even declined to give to Admiral Magruder a hearing. We trust that Senator MacKellar will stick to his present intention to demand an inquiry by Congress. There are dozens of officers who will back up the Admiral if they can be heard under circumstances that will assure them freedom from black-listing by the governing clique of the navy.

A TEMPORARY, BUT ONLY TEMPORARY, SOLUTION of the disagreement with France in the matter of tariffs was reached on October 26. By decree American products will be restored to the favorable rates they enjoyed in France prior to September 6, which makes it possible for the American exporters who have millions of dollars' worth of products tied up in bonded warehouses in French ports to release them for sale in France. The long and tedious task of negotiating a permanent commercial treaty will now be undertaken, with the French in a much more favorable position than before because they have shown their readiness and their ability to strike hard in order to get what they believe to be just terms. While the effort is being made in Washington to portray this as a decided success for the American Government it is nothing of the kind. The State Department has had to promise that the American Government will lift our restrictions upon French agricultural, sanitary, and pharmaceutical products which have

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virtually excluded them from the American market—whether this can be done by Presidential decree, or requires consent of Congress, remains to be seen. More important than that, the Government of the United States has been forced to abandon in France the abominable spy system to which we have repeatedly referred in these columns, in accordance with which French exporters have been asked to open their books and reveal their inmost trade secrets to American customs agents, under the penalty of being excluded from American markets. Switzerland, the Argentine, and Sweden have already struck against this impudent demand. Congress would do well to end it.

AT LAST THERE ARE SIGNS that the police are going to be held accountable when they themselves turn criminals. In New York City, one Thomas Raffaele has obtained a verdict of $1,000 against a city detective. This policeman, with an associate, was searching for hold-up men. Meeting Raffaele they arrested him, dragged him to the drug-store which had been robbed, and beat him up with blackjacks. He was then locked up overnight, but was released as entirely innocent when taken into court the next day. This sort of official crime occurs every day, and it is, of course, connived at by the highest police authorities. If the legal profession will not exert itself to stop these practices which bring the law into contempt, then the thing to do is to bring suit against both the policemen and the head of the police for false arrest and assault whenever one of these crimes occurs. Only then will the guardians of the law begin to realize that theirs is the first duty to obey the law. It is also encouraging, in this connection, to note that public opinion has forced the release, in custody of counsel, of a youth who, after being beaten by police, was sentenced to serve three months in the workhouse—merely because he was caught sleeping in subway trains in order to save money! He had deposits in two banks and was sending some of his earnings to his mother in Massachusetts. In Passaic, New Jersey, the chief of police who two years ago so brutally maltreated the striking textile workers, has just been arrested because of his peculiar habit of possessing stolen automobiles. How can such men make the law respected?

> The Red Cross [said Mr. Nelson, chairman of the Brooklyn chapter of the American Red Cross] does not have to ask permission of any commandant to enter the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The American Red Cross is in the Brooklyn Navy Yard by the authority of the President of the United States, who is also President of the American Red Cross, which is as much under the command of the President as the army and navy.

THESE HARSH WORDS were directed at Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett, for refusing to allow Red Cross officials to solicit subscriptions from the small-salaried civil employees of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Fortunately Mr. Coolidge, who is President of the United States, the Red Cross, the Boy Scouts, and several other organizations, was not as dictatorial as Mr. Nelson, and Secretary Wilbur announced, the day after Mr. Nelson's fiery pronunciamento, that he had no intention of interfering with the Admiral's orders. Nobody would deny the excellent and indispensable work that the Red Cross does in peace as well as war. But other persons besides Admiral Plunkett have questioned the advisability of money-getting "drives"—a disease caught during the war from which we have by no means recovered. Twelve-dollar-a-week clerks in some of New York's largest offices are frowned upon if, by begging off from Red Cross membership, they keep their division from being "one hundred per cent enrolled." Gifts made under duress surely cannot be welcome; and it hardly seems in keeping with the Red Cross spirit to wring unwilling and hard-won dollars from those who can ill afford to spare them.

NEW HAVEN NEWSPAPERS are usually delighted to report any transgression on the part of a Yale man. Let a student run counter to the strong arm of the law, be it because he was surprised in the wrong apartment, because his automobile misbehaved on a public highway, or because of any other aberration discountenanced by the statutes of the Nutmeg State, and the journals of New Haven will obligingly blaze forth with all the details. This reputation of the newspapers led three students, members of the Yale Liberal Club, to take part in the picketing in the local necktie strike and allow themselves to be arrested. For six weeks the strike had been running and with the exception of the *Times-Union* no New Haven paper had mentioned it. The papers even refused union advertising which would have presented the case of the workers to the people of the city. The strike was primarily against two concerns, Berkman and Adler, and Stern and Merritt, who had moved from New York to New Haven in order to avoid union conditions. The students believed that if they had themselves arrested, strike news would surely find its way to the front pages. They succeeded in their first ambition, but not a word appeared in any paper. The business manager of one New Haven newspaper explained: "You know, we don't pay any attention to labor troubles here unless we have to."

THERE ARE ENOUGH BUBBLES in the pot of European politics to make a hard-boiled American isolationist smile. Poland and Lithuania are growling at each other across the Vilna frontier; Rumania and Hungary cannot agree about Transylvania; Jugoslavia has talked war because Bulgarian irredentists assassinated a Serbian general in Macedonia—but has had the common sense to simmer down; Italy has sent a squadron to Tangier as a kaiser-like hint that she wants a share in the international administration of that city; and Spain and Rumania have escaped revolutions by hair's-breadths. Another whole crop of rumors centers about the conversation which Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister, is supposed to have had last month with Primo de Rivera. Primo seems to have given an interview to a London newspaper—only to deny it three days after publication—suggesting that he and Sir Austen were planning large plans. Spain was to cede her African colonies to France but to gain a free hand in Tangier; France might give Italy compensation in Syria or elsewhere; and England would thus cement her anti-Bolshevik alliance of the Western Powers. The project is nebulous in the dispatches; but Sir Austen's record gives no guaranty that it is not true. The spirit of Locarno seems to be hibernating.

A CURIOUS STORY comes from Bolivia of how four men, convicted of assassinating a former president of the republic, were instructed to draw lots so that one might die for the offense and the others be set free. Would the advocates of the death penalty in this country—who insist on it chiefly as an example—think their purposes as well

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served if only one out of every four condemned men were executed? And if one in every four is enough, could we not presently satisfy our blood lust by sacrificing only one in ten and finally one in every hundred? Probably the suggestion will seem visionary, but there does appear to be one practical and reasonable opportunity for the drawing of lots in this ghoulish business. Even among the strongest advocates of capital punishment there is a general loathing for a public executioner. Yet what right have we to ask another to perform an act which we ourselves would be unwilling to undertake? Why therefore should not executioners, like juries, be chosen by lot from a panel of citizens?—those not believing in the death penalty to be excused. Or, better still, perhaps, let every jury that condemns a fellow-human to die draw lots to decide who shall press the button of the scaffold or the electric chair.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY," said Maître Torres, counsel for the Jew Schwartzbard, on trial in Paris for murdering the Ukrainian Hetman Petlura, "there is only one question before you. Can Schwartzbard be considered guilty?" Unanimously, after thirty-five minutes' deliberation, the jury answered, "No." The plaintiffs were ordered to pay the costs of the trial (though Mme Petlura and her brother-in-law received damages of one franc each), the crowd shrieked "Vive la France" as the verdict was announced, and the confessed murderer fell on the neck of his defender. The explanation of the trial and its outcome lies deep in the make-up of the French mind and French processes of justice. Schwartzbard was in fact never on trial for the murder of Petlura. There was at no time any doubt about his guilt. It was Petlura, the dead man, who was tried. Did Petlura commit atrocities against the Jews of the Ukraine during the dark days of the civil war in Russia when thousands of innocent Jews were slaughtered by their Christian neighbors and the troops of the White armies? Did Petlura know of these atrocities or, knowing, could he have prevented or stopped them? Did Schwartzbard seek to avenge the massacred Jews on his own volition or did he do it as a tool of Russian Communists? Such were the questions which turned a murder trial into a pandemonium of political accusations, insults, and fist fights. And the jury, in deciding as it did, justified Schwartzbard in an act of violence which has, ironically, succeeded for the first time in focusing public attention on an organized regime of violence certainly as brutal and wanton as any the world has ever witnessed.

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN is dead. Born Isador Witkowski, he became a Christian at the age of 16, supported himself for years as an actor, and never entirely recovered from his histrionic training. As the confidant and partisan of Bismarck, he hated the young Kaiser who dropped the old pilot, and in pre-war Germany Wilhelm had no bitterer critic. When exposures in his magazine, the *Zukunft*, led to his trial for perjury, he used the trial to reveal more of the cheap scandals which abounded among the sycophants of the imperial court. He had courage, and shrewdness, but he lacked the thrust that carries through. During the war he was hailed as a hero in Allied countries because his voice was loud against the Kaiser, but his criticism was rather of strategy than of aims. If he had thought the Pan-German dream possible he would have been for it. His common sense, however, brought him the hate of the short-sighted Nationalists, and in 1922 a group of "patriotic" thugs blackjacked him, leaving him with injuries from which he never entirely recovered.

Where Genghis Died

NEITHER Tutankhamen nor King George ever reigned over as vast an empire as bowed the knee to Genghis Khan. The papers say he "ranks with Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon among the world's conquerors," but it is only the provincial astigmatism of the white race which leads us to class those petty men with the giant whose armies swept across the deserts of Central Asia to the rich valleys of India, Persia, and Asia Minor, crossed into Russia, harried the Adriatic, and at the other end of the earth laid low the mighty empires of old China.

Now, according to the *Sunday Express* of London, Piotr Kozlov has found the secret tomb of Genghis, deep in the labyrinthine heart of a Mongolian mountain, in a great stone hall forty feet square, hewed out of the solid rock. Seven silent lamas guard it, and every seven hours one of them strikes seven times upon the great jade bell which overhangs the sarcophagus of the Khan. The silver coffin rests, the story says, upon the gem-studded crowns of seventy-eight conquered princes; and among the relics of the shrine are a thirteenth-century Bible presented by Marco Polo and a chronicle of the Mongols signed with Genghis Khan's own hand.

We hope the story is true. If Kozlov comes out of the desert to confirm it, it is true, for he is among the greatest of living explorers. But the picture does not jibe with what we have known of Genghis Khan and the city of the Black Sands, Karakorum, where Kozlov, led by a lineal descendant of the great Mongol, is supposed to have found the tomb.

It may be that for seven centuries the desert lamas have kept such a royal secret; but it has been the Mongol tradition that Genghis was buried a thousand miles or more north of the black city, under a great tree in the forests of his boyhood. One tribe was exempted from military service to guard the forest, until the trees grew so tall and thick that the emperor's tree was lost and all trace of his grave vanished. He lived in a tent all his life; the luxuries of his grandson Kubla's court were unknown to him, even when he amassed treasure beyond Midas's dreams; and he would hardly have liked the gaudy glory of such a tomb. It would not be in keeping with the character of the man who, dying in far-off China, left minute instructions for the completion of his campaign there, at the same time directing that his own remains be taken to Mongolia post-haste, and every man met on the way killed, so that news of his death might not spread and give new courage to his enemies.

Moreover, Kozlov was in Karakorum in 1909, and if there are vast rocky mountains among the desert sands that now climb over its deserted walls he did not mention them in his account of his earlier explorations. It is true that in that arid air decay is slow; but how did Marco Polo's Bible find its way to Genghis's tomb? He was not born when the old warrior died; and it was forty-eight years later when Marco reached the court of Genghis's grandson. He might make an offering, even so, to the tomb of a dead hero; but then the location of the grave must have been known; and how are we then to account for the story, centuries old in Chinese annals, of Genghis's burial in the northern forest?

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Something New in the World

TEN years ago something new was born into the world —something fresh and live, infectious and creative. The world into which it was born did not like it. At first it did not even take it seriously. It seemed to be just the temporary rioting of a few wild soapboxers, annoying because it interrupted the business of winning the war. Today the world is engaged in rectifying the mistakes of a war won too thoroughly, while Soviet Russia, still hated and feared by the West, is enthusiastically celebrating its tenth birthday.

Russia's March Revolution ousted the Czar and substituted a regime which, seeking to undo the worst abuses of autocracy, clung to the old forms of legality, promised the peasants new land legislation, and sought to reorganize Russia to continue fighting the war. The West accepted even that mild regime doubtfully, conditioning its approval upon the new Russia's success in killing Germans. Kerensky's Government pleased neither its Allies nor its own people, and in November Soviet Russia was born to the twin battle-cries of Land and Peace. The Bolsheviks made no effort to keep the peasants from driving out the feudal landowners and appropriating the soil of Russia to themselves, but rather encouraged them to take at once what legislation might have brought them after many years. It shouted peace from the house-tops; it urged the conscripts to go home and till their new-won fields; and it sought with pathetic earnestness to persuade the world to make peace upon the basis of "no annexations and no indemnities." The Powers, desiring both annexations and indemnities, were ready to let millions of human beings bleed to death rather than admit a peace without victory.

When Trotzky, without an army behind him, stood on his soapbox at Brest-Litovsk and orated over General von Hoffmann's head, calling upon the German masses to join Russia in revolution, the Kaiser's ministers saw only a chance to win a battle, and made the ephemeral peace of Brest-Litovsk. The Allies were no wiser. The first point upon which Germany, England, and France joined hands was common opposition to Lenin's Government.

The Allies begged the Germans to keep their troops in the Baltic provinces until they could themselves organize anti-Bolshevik crusades. British, French, Japanese, and American troops were landed upon Russian soil long after the Armistice; every anti-Bolshevik freebooter found the Allies ready to finance and equip him; and while the people's armies of young Russia crushed one after another of these terrific counter-attacks the war-worn country was racked and torn and brought to the depths of distress. Surely no government in history ever attempted to build upon more ruinous foundations. Yet this group of men whose lives had been passed in prison and exile, who had had no training in government and administration, who sought to apply in their country principles untested and uncharted, did succeed in building a stable government out of that chaos—and a stable government founded primarily on an honest desire for the happiness of the people.

The West is disillusioned today, weary after the emotional debauch of a war which almost drove democracy out of our world. But Soviet Russia has become a land of hope, a country where millions of men and women feel a new intensity in the dull business of living. It must be judged, in part at least, in the light of what it followed. It rose on the ruins of a country soaked in the bloody tyrannies of Czarism and sunk in the hopelessness of medieval feudalism. Roger Baldwin elsewhere in this issue gives, we believe, a fair picture of the new freedoms of Russia. The old bourgeoisie is still harried and persecuted as labor was until a decade ago. But women have a freedom exceeding even that of America and Scandinavia; children have a primary consideration unknown elsewhere; and the whole machinery of the state is directed toward raising the standards of living of the millions. No government in history has set out so deliberately, and so successfully, to annihilate illiteracy, to build up mass health, to set its people economically free. There is no divergence of testimony regarding the devotion of the Communist commissars. They sacrifice themselves to their ideal as ruthlessly as they do others. They live on a salary of 250 rubles a month and if they are caught in peculation they suffer more rigidly than mere laymen. The usual perquisites of rulership are not theirs. Comparing this regime with the callous class contrasts of Czarism, or even with the aimless profiteering of the present-day West, one feels the breath of a new life.

Russia is far from her goal of socialism, or communism. As Louis Fischer suggests elsewhere, the effort to build the economic life of a nation upon the principle of planned common welfare is an experiment still. The valid criticism of Russia's method would be that it does not work; and only today, after the harsh years of counter-revolution, blockade, and famine, is that question receiving a fair test. The second decade—if England does not first produce another war—will tell.

In its first decade Soviet Russia has had most influence upon the world in the field of foreign relations. It hoped in its early days that the fire of its own revolution would spread—and the cruel ashes of that hope still scar Europe. Yet it was a natural hope; the Western governments were sponsoring rebellions in Russia, and the Bolsheviks only followed the Western lead when, through the Third International, they sought to organize revolt behind those hostile governments' backs. It is not only the fear of the Third International, however, which has set the West against Russia. The Soviets early began publishing the archives of the Czar's diplomacy, and the crass light they shed upon the hypocrisy of Allied pretensions was bitterly resented. They sapped the war myths, and made a joke of the slogans which sent millions to futile death. M. Chicherin, Russia's able Foreign Minister, has again and again punctured the armor of his opponents and revealed behind their puffed-out fronts the inspiration of oil, of steel, of military power.

But Soviet Russia's cruelest sin against the imperialist West has been committed in Asia. First, by giving a new freedom to most of its subject nationalities, and second, by treaties with the independent nations of the East, it set an example to the white empires of Asia which they have no inclination to follow. It abjured the special privileges to which America and the other Powers still cling in China; it canceled Czarist concessions in Persia; it helped the Emir of Afghanistan—and those who denounce these steps as essentially selfish forget that the same opportunities to ex-

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press enlightened self-interest have been open to the Western empires, and conspicuously neglected by them.

It is for her virtues that Russia is most hated; and we love her for her enemies. We do not dedicate this issue to her tenth birthday because we subscribe to the communist principles of her rulers, or because we condone the brutalities of the Red dictatorship. We have a horror of all religious fanatics, of all men who feel so sure of themselves that murder and lying become acceptable means, however beautiful the goal or god to which they make their sacrifices. But all things are relative; and we live in a world which has just poured out the blood of ten million boys, and our Western countries were ready to let more thousands go to death if they could crush the workers' republic of Russia. It is because Russia's success would threaten the prestige of the private-profit world upon which the Mellons and Dohenys feed that our American Government, which was on friendly terms with the Czar and today hobnobs with Mussolini, refuses to recognize the Soviets. It is because Soviet Russia has openly and ably encouraged the struggle for freedom of the subject peoples of Asia that Britain fears her most.

In the stale world of diplomacy Soviet Russia has been a living yeast; and the example of its workers' republic has been a creative ferment in Western politics. The scars of the Czarist centuries still lie deep, and the regime which brought so much hope and freedom still fails of its broadest destiny; but in this muddy age its ten years shine.

Our Waning Prosperity

WITH each day it is more difficult to reconcile President Coolidge's optimistic statement of October 18 and his rosy prophecy of a greater prosperity than ever with the facts of our economic situation. It is true that public-utility companies are prospering and that General Motors reported earnings for nine months of 1927 of $193,758,302, thereby becoming the greatest money-maker among American corporations. But on the same day the earnings of the United States Steel Corporation for the same period were announced to be but $74,050,623 as contrasted with $85,433,404 during the similar months of 1926. Meanwhile, the railroads continue to report decreasing earnings in the East, West, and South, the Atchison, the Baltimore & Ohio, Southern Pacific, Seaboard, Wheeling and Lake Erie, Central Railroad of New Jersey, and Chicago and Eastern Illinois, among others, recording decreases in both gross earnings and net operating income. The losses are chiefly in miscellaneous freight, general merchandise, coal, ore, and forest products. Fifty railroads report a joint loss of $9,250,762 in net income for the month of September.

In the steel and iron industry, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation earned only sixty-one cents a share on its common stock, as contrasted with one dollar and fifty-seven cents during the third quarter of 1926. Its President, Eugene Grace, after laying the blame for this entire situation at the door of President Coolidge, merely because that gentleman did not choose to run for the Presidency again, declared that every possible saving had been made, but that with the prices of steel lower by $4 a ton than they were at the beginning of the year there is nothing left to do to make a better showing except to cut wages. That, he said, no one likes to think about, and, he added: "If we have to save invested capital by reducing wages it will signify that we are really in a serious business cycle. Business is being carried on largely by deferred credits, or instalment buying. If we have to reduce the purchasing power of the workingman it will have serious consequences." Precisely. It is to just two facts that so much of our recent prosperity has been due: Purchasing on credit and our export trade. If the deferred-payment structure begins to crumble we shall be in for bad times, and so we shall if our export trade does not show a volume equal or superior to that of last year. Already, as Mr. Grace has doubtless noticed, there is beginning to be serious unemployment. Baltimore reports a considerable slackening of trade and employment, and Cleveland, to take another example, with an army of 70,000 unemployed is witnessing public meetings demanding that those out of work shall be supported by the municipality.

But the most striking symptoms of trade slackening are in the pig-iron field. Thus, the price of foundry pig iron delivered in Philadelphia has decreased from $23.26 in December, 1926, to $20.26 at this writing. That in turn has had its effect upon the furnaces. On September 30 only 174 furnaces were in blast as compared with 189 in August; the daily average rate of pig-iron production was the lowest for any month since September, 1925. The decrease in the number of active blast furnaces is directly due to the fact that of the four most important lines of business using steel only one, building construction, is holding its own in comparison with 1926. The automobile industry, the railroad business, and the oil fields are all of them far behind in their orders for steel products—the automobile industry, in large part, because of the suspension of production by Henry Ford which apparently more than offsets the great gains in sales of the General Motors Corporation. The steel industry firmly believes that November and December will see increased orders from railroad and automobile companies, but it expected increased orders during September which it did not get. The stock market has reflected the growing uncertainty by the recent downward pressure against very determined efforts to keep up the prices.

All of which makes many people believe that President Coolidge had seen the storm signals before he decided to let some other fellow carry the burdens of government during the next four years. That may or may not be the case, but that there are grave industrial symptoms at this moment cannot be denied. No one can look forward with any satisfaction to a period of depression in this country at any time. But just now there are two reasons why a serious depression would have exceptionally bad results. For one thing, the American people have enjoyed greater luxuries and comforts of living than ever before, and it will be correspondingly difficult for them to give up those luxuries and comforts and return to a lower scale of living. Again, despite warnings and excellent recommendations by unofficial bodies, neither the Union nor any single State has done anything to prepare to deal with unemployment on a large scale. That Cleveland has today no recognized machinery to deal with the feeding of its unemployed is nothing exceptional; so far as we are aware it is true of every city. While certain trades like the cotton and woolen industry have lived through bad times without much public aid, that will not be possible if the depression should affect many lines. Social engineering has been neglected in favor of radios and phonographs and automobiles.

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Begging for Women's Colleges

TO the eye of the outsider our great Eastern women's colleges appear to be stable, prosperous institutions, delightfully equipped with handsome buildings, large trees, playing fields, and a certain pleasant air of intellectual activity. To the insider—the trustee, the president, the dean, and the lesser administrative deities—the woman's college is a plant for the mass-production of education, which can be kept running at all only through the greatest economy of operation, achieved in part by the usual expedient of inadequate wages and long hours for its employees, the faculty, and in part by inadequate physical equipment. None of these colleges has an endowment sufficient to meet its legitimate needs either for buildings and their upkeep or for teachers and their salaries.

What is to be done about it? This question is forcibly put by the heads of the seven largest Eastern institutions for women in an article appearing in the November *Atlantic Monthly*. They describe, with more particularity than would seem necessary, the fine academic record of the colleges they represent and the achievements of the alumnae; they point to the friendly attitude of the public, the overwhelming demand for such education as they offer. And they ask, why cannot the women's colleges get support from the community, on the same scale as the men's?

The women's colleges are steadily drained of their best men teachers by the men's colleges and the State universities, both of which offer higher salaries and more leisure for research and writing. The women teachers stay in the women's colleges, on insufficient pay, only because they are not wanted—whatever their qualifications—by those other institutions; it is this fact, no doubt, that is responsible for the high grade of teaching that actually persists in the women's colleges. If the twin problems of poor salaries and inadequate plant were to be met within the college it would mean largely increased tuition fees—and a corresponding increase in the proportion of wealthy students.

In our present civilization the manufacture of education cannot, it seems, be made self-supporting. It must be paid for by the public either through state aid or through private endowment. The private colleges depend solely on gifts from interested wealthy citizens to make up their deficits. At present those gifts go in disproportionate amounts to the men's colleges. Quite naturally, since the large fortunes in America are generally controlled by men, who give most freely to their own colleges.

Can our millionaires develop the imagination and interest necessary to induce them to take the women's institutions under their golden wing? We hope the arresting appeal in the *Atlantic* will help them to, but we fear that it will take more than a single prod. We suspect that one reason for the poverty of the women's colleges was ignored in the article by their presidents: Do those same presidents spend as much time as their colleagues in the men's colleges in going about, hat in hand, begging money from the men who have it to give? We recall the pathetic effort of the head of one of our Eastern men's colleges to compute the number of miles he had traveled up and down in the elevators of great office buildings in order to solicit funds from rich men. He could, he believed, have reached Mars if his vertical voyages had been put end on end.

This is a wretched way to get money for the production and distribution of education. But it is the way in which it is done in the present commercial-industrial civilization. Such articles as the one we have quoted, together perhaps with more brazen and unremitting money-begging, must be trusted to carry the women's colleges along until a better day. The time will come when sex divisions in education will be wiped out, when there will be no separate men's and women's institutions scrambling and bidding against each other for money and teachers, and when the state will assume the responsibility for the higher as well as the lower education of its children.

The Inoffensive Art

OF all the radicals in the various arts the modern painter would seem to be the least offensive. He makes no demands upon the time of his fellow-citizens, as do the poets, nor drills upon their ears, like modernist musicians. It is the work of a moment to ignore a picture, but this the conservatives cannot do. An academician will press and prattle round a picture which annoys him much after the manner of a sufferer from toothache. For him the new art aches and lingers.

John Kane, aged sixty, sent a picture to Carnegie Institute, and the judges hung it. Mr. Kane works by day at the trade of house-painting and in the evening adventures into more creative effort. It was in late hours that he did his "Scene from Scottish Highlands." Here is a legitimately romantic story. Many will feel that it is just as exciting to have a first picture accepted in a show as to drop in the Atlantic Ocean, but the newspapers have been less friendly to John Kane than to the fliers. The New York *World* refuses to "thrill over the product of sheer ineptitude." It "asks to be excused from taking it seriously." The newspaper admits that its criticism is based only on a photographic reproduction. There is a grudging reference to the potential "charm of color," but though a competent committee judged the Scotch scene worthy, the editorial critic refuses his sanction. He bridles at the conception of "Art, that shy and fickle jade, going off on a joy-ride on a kiddie-kar."

By now there is a considerable public willing to admit that no one right way exists to tell a story or to compose an opera. The old bitterness about free verse has ended. Painting remains the last barricade of the Bourbons who stand in solid, shining ranks all armed with mirrors which they hold up to nature. Only God and the literalists can make a tree. It is hard to understand just who has been injured by John Kane's journey to the Highlands. He has not swaggered, nor has his picture. The *World* may hold, if it chooses, to another Scotland. Mr. Kane has merely taken a tiny corner from that land for his own. Perhaps it is not a good picture, but there is something gallant in this glorified busman's holiday. The man who paints a house and then, at the age of sixty, a picture deserves to be taken not only seriously but in kindly fashion. If it is hard to think of Art off on a joy-ride then most of the prevalent thinking about Art must be muddle-headed. Where would Art be except careering and careening? "Montessori Art," the *World* calls it, but as a matter of fact there is no other sort worth cherishing. By all means let John Kane continue to go as he pleases with a full brush and a merry one.

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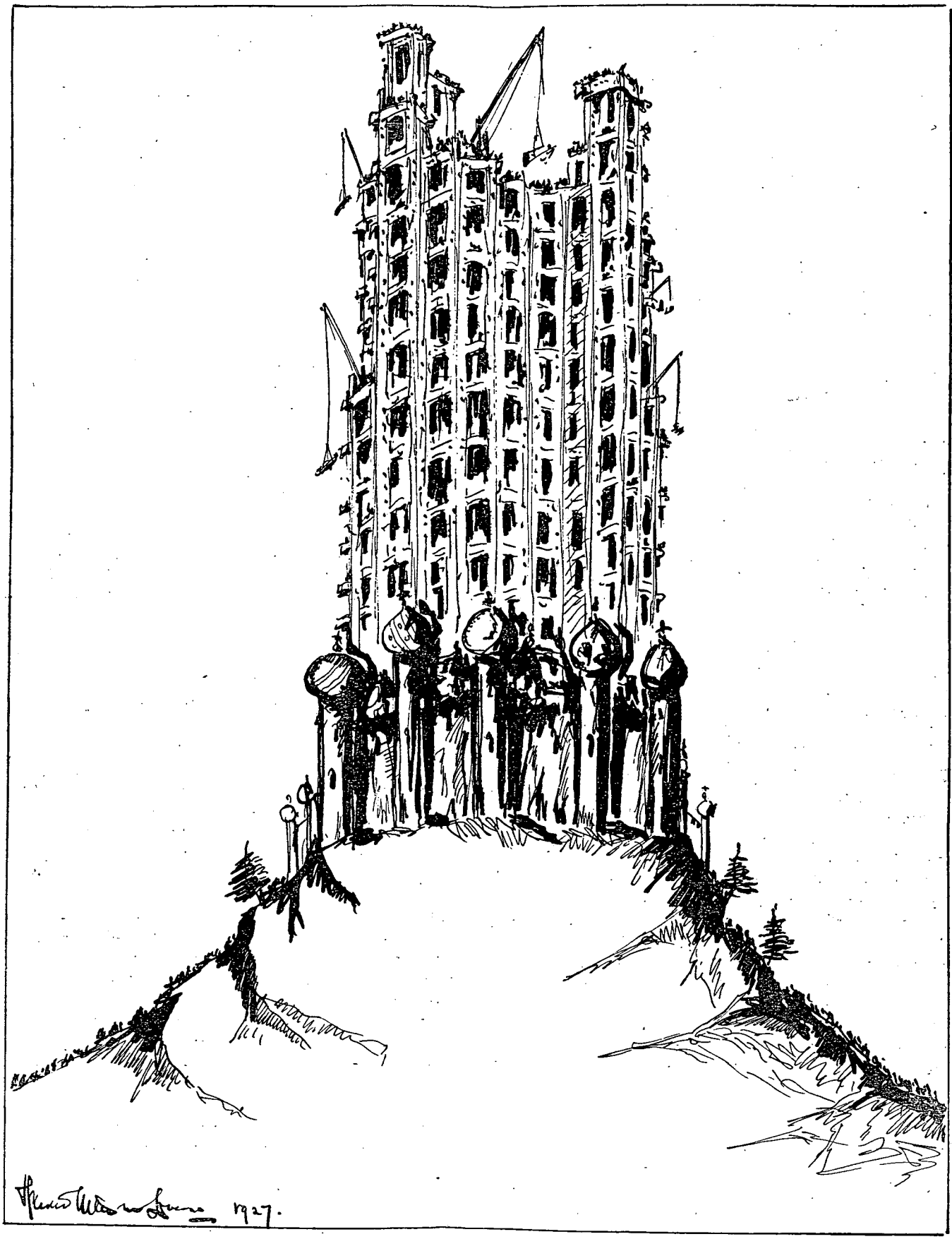

Building a New Russia

We may not always like these modern styles of architecture, but nobody can deny that they are interesting and impressive.

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

A CITIZEN of Fort Madison, Iowa, has been chosen by the *American Magazine* as the average man and he has not sued for libel. Perhaps it is too much to expect an average man to resent the accusation and to say "When you call me that, smile." Indeed the whole tone of the article suggests that Roy L. Gray is honored by the selection and that he should be. Still I wonder whether the editor of the *American Magazine* would be pleased to have his publication referred to as an average magazine.

In order to determine whether the Life Force should bestir itself to produce more Mr. Grays it might be well to run briefly through the creed and practices of this average citizen. He owns and runs a retail clothing store and lives in a brick house with his wife and two children. He is not interested in foreign affairs. "I reason that we've sent folks to Washington to attend to these matters for us." Mr. Gray does not always agree with the men who conduct the government but feels that they always "do their best." Concerning prohibition he believes that there is much to be said on both sides. In national politics Roy Gray is regular on the theory that he has no way of knowing the candidates, and "the best I can do is to stick to the party which most appeals to me and trust it to pick the best man available." To him the evolution trial in Tennessee was merely funny and "a lot of noise over nothing." He sticks to the religion he was taught as a boy. "I don't question it." Books are not in the life of Mr. Gray but he subscribes to several magazines. "I turn first of all to the advertisements."

He sees no plays, but occasionally goes to a picture if he has been told that it is clean. "I have no use at all for this sex stuff." His news interests are inventions, great disasters, and unusual crimes. For a time radio constituted a field in which Mr. Gray employed his own initiative and exercised the right of choice. He used to "fish around" but this dissipation of aerial adventuring has been abandoned. "Now I tune in on the stations that I know have good programs and stick to them." Mr. Gray is a member of the Chamber of Commerce, the Elks, the Odd Fellows, and the Rotary Club. According to William S. Dutton, who tracked down the average man in his lair and wrote about him, "He is a little of all of us—and much of some of us. A dependable man! A steady, sane, conservative man!"

But I want to know just who and what can depend safely and sanely upon Mr. Gray. Is he a bulwark or a menace? He may be a little brother to the editor of the *American Magazine,* but he's no little brother to me. I do not think it is sane to stick to a political party through thick and thin and to assume that everybody in office does his best and may be depended upon without question. Roy L. Gray is forty-three and should be able to remember that there was a war. That was a war which came out of the American disposition to have no interest in foreign affairs and to let "the folks in Washington attend to these matters." It was a long way from Tipperary to Fort Madison but the war did come to Iowa. God in His mercy help the nation if we must depend upon men who learned no lesson from that conflict. Mr. Gray does not seem to go in heavily for opinions. He accepts his government, his radio, and his religion as they are handed to him without question. Maybe this is sanity, but I should call it not quite bright.

In these days of syndicated editorials and magazines for millions there has been a considerable tendency to slap the average man, any average man, on the back and to tell him that he is the backbone of the country and more than that, of the human race. And, of course, he isn't. Undeniably he has his moments of grandeur upon the barricades, but not until somebody, who isn't average, hands him a slogan, a flag, or a white cockade. The trouble with the average man is that he does not retain. Having fought nobly to right some grievous wrong, he forgets and in ten years the thing has to be done all over again. The notion that America was preserved and founded by the might of the average man is wholly erroneous. All the trails were blazed by exceptional people. Practically every national crisis has found its genius. Of late there has been a disposition to write about Lincoln as if he were "just folks." We have comforted ourselves with the notion that he was merely one of many tall stalks in the prairie. Nobody has blasphemed to the extent of suggesting that Lincoln was the average American, but some have had the audacity to call him a typical American. Well, rails have been lying about for more than half a century for other men to split and there has not been one man to stand back to back with Abraham. He was by every biological standard a sport, and it seems likely that people may go on until the end of time being born in log cabins without a Gettysburg address coming from one of them.

If life is an experimental process and Somebody with enthusiasm and curiosity putters over the test tubes then the advent of the average man must be to Him the greatest of calamities. Even the outcropping of degeneracy is more useful for the future of the race. A slump in the scale contributes its cosmic knowledge because it shows just which factors will not work and must be eliminated from the next equation. Since this is not the best of all possible worlds there is no symphonic glory in merely holding your own. Anything average may be set down as belonging to that dull part of the orchestration which is indicated as "vamp till ready."

Average poetry or gallantry or even average eggs are not exciting. But man, when carefully inspected, does not fit into any crate. It seems likely that injustice was done to Roy L. Gray, the average man from Fort Madison, Iowa. There must have been reticences into which the interviewer did not penetrate. Depend upon it, this sane, solid man has somewhere in reserve an identifying birthmark, a secret and peculiar virtue. And if not, let us still give Mr. Gray the benefit of the doubt and in all charity assume that there is in him, hidden, some vice the *American Magazine* neglected to discover.

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SOVIET RUSSIA—1917-1927

On the Road to Socialism

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, October 3

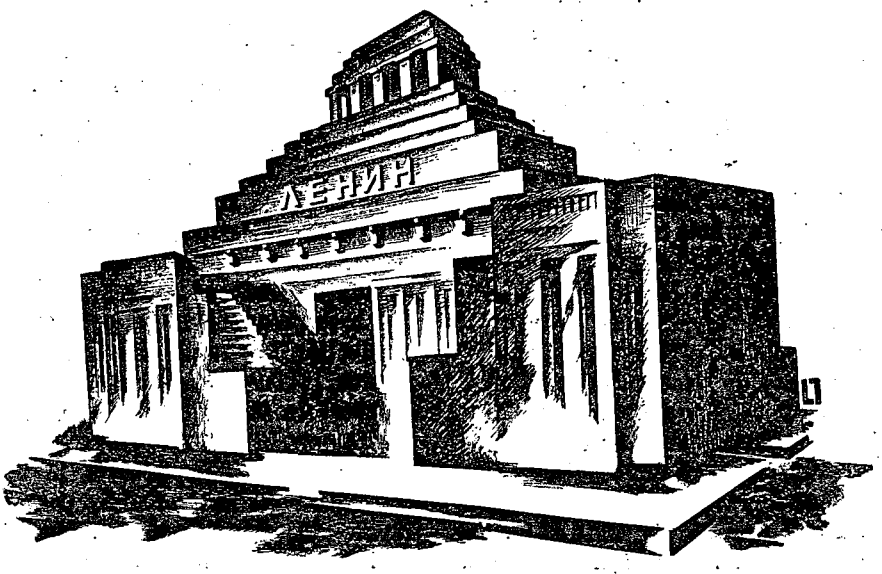
IT was interesting this summer to watch the tourists come and go. Students, professors, writers, and labor leaders tried, with varying success, to fathom the intricacies of Soviet affairs and left at least a bit more "pink" than they had been when they arrived. There were few exceptions. Hard-boiled business men, too, carried away favorable impressions. Some even grew enthusiastic about present performances and future possibilities. The essential reason is Russia's obvious economic progress.

A decade of Soviet rule may be roughly divided into two quintennials: 1917 to 1922—conquest of power, civil war, economic destruction, and preparation for economic reconstruction; 1923 to 1927—economic rehabilitation and the beginning of improvement over the pre-war past. I have been able to watch events during the latter period and I know with what exhilaration and vigor the creative forces let loose by the Bolsheviks can infect one. If the outsider feels this, how much more the man in daily, intimate contact with the remolding of the life of a nation. To grasp this truth is to understand the sources of the enthusiasm, optimism, and confidence with which the Communists have faced innumerable heart-breaking tasks—and won. But there are greater possibilities ahead, for the Russians have been sharpening their tools and removing incumbrances from the field of action. This tenth anniversary is the dawn of a new phase promising attainments hitherto unknown to Russia. The Bolsheviks and the millions who with them hold the rifle and the trowel pause for a brief moment to rejoice and to laugh at the prophets of evil who still sip drinks in Paris cafes.

The material prosperity of this country is undeniable. Here are some indices jotted down at random: better-dressed people in Moscow, Leningrad, and the provinces; more taxis and more citizens riding in them; more restaurants, ice-cream parlors, and cafes, and more patrons in them; more buses with more passengers who can afford to pay the extra kopecks for the extra speed and comfort; new homes built cooperatively by workers and state officials; new office-buildings, better-paved streets and walks, cleaner, brighter-looking children, more pay-station telephones, more spending of money at railway stations during train-stops, more travelers to trade-union and government summer sanatoria; the appearance of bicycles owned by students, young workers, and petty government employees.

Some would add more unemployment, more beggars. Quite correct. There are more unemployed, but more employed, too. The number of trade-union workers is growing and also the number of individuals gainfully employed. Unemployment in Russia is no sign of shrinking productive possibilities but rather the result of peasant migration to the cities and the discarding of excess personnel through "rationalization." The Bolsheviks are meeting these phenomena by rural colonization and technical training for the unskilled. Beggars: they are a public nuisance. They concentrate in central streets, especially those frequented by foreigners, and in stations. Some one has suggested that more people ask alms because there are more people who can give them. I do not know. But at worst there are a few thousand beggars in Russia; they weigh as nothing against indices of prosperity which apply to millions of inhabitants.

What of the *bezprizorni*, the tens of thousands of homeless, Bedouin waifs scattered over the face of the Soviet Union? Stanley Baldwin referred to them in a recent speech. . . . I went to the dog show yesterday (an exhibit, incidentally, not of lap-hounds, but of sheep and police and proletarian, working dogs). At the merry-go-round nearby, bezprizorni were pushing copper kopecks across the counter for entrance tickets. They have money. I noticed, too, that their rags were less shabby. But the waifs are a terrible cancer on the body of Russia, a wound left by ten years of world war, civil war, foreign intervention, and famine. The Government and voluntary organizations are spending huge sums for the creation of colonies and farms for the bezprizorni. They are sent to villages to work, and to schools, but much of the difficulty remains.



Lenin's Mausoleum at Moscow

What the eye tells one of the general material well-being, the statistician confirms. The wealth and income of the country are increasing, witness the comparative ease with which successive internal loans are absorbed by the mass of the people, and the steady rise in savings accounts. The buying capacity of the peasant expands because he grows more, gets more for his surplus, and, this year, pays less for manufac-

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tured goods. Workers' real wages average 100 per cent pre-war plus about 32 per cent additional in insurance, vacations, social and cultural benefits, and funds for improvement of living conditions. Moreover, salaries of state employees have risen—for a six-hour day. According to official figures, the income of the entire population, peasants included, went up 28.5 per cent in 1925-1926 and showed a 10.3 per cent increase in 1926-1927; for wage earners only the corresponding figures are 49.1 and 18.1.

But after all, 1913 represents no ideal. The Bolsheviks plan to leave the antebellum norm far behind them. Russia was and is a poor country. Its annual income could be trebled without straining the natural possibilities of the country. Wages are relatively low, teachers are underpaid, and the general standard of living must be lifted high above its present level. The Bolshevik goal is a socialist Russia as rich as but quite different from America. They insist that their methods and form of organization will enable them to do quickly what for capitalist Europe is impossible.

The volume of industrial products now exceeds the pre-war figure. Taking 100 as representing 1913, coal output was 105 in 1926-1927, oil output 109.7, textiles 109.6, pig iron 70.5, metal production 76.3, freight loadings 99.1, the number of horses 82, cows, 112.7, oxen 118.5, horned cattle 106.3, and acreage planted 97.1.

Much remains to be done. Retail prices throughout the Union were cut from 8 to 10 per cent during the first ten months of 1926-1927, but they are still too high. Despite considerable reduction of staffs and the elimination of preposterous red tape, bureaucratism flourishes and presents a moral as well as an economic problem with which the authorities are grappling with insufficient success. Above all, the cost of industrial production is excessive. This is the most difficult nut the Bolsheviks have to crack. Instead of carrying out the government program of decreasing costs by 5 per cent, costs increased 1.2 per cent in the first half of the current fiscal year. In the second semester a change for the better intervened which will bring down the costs for the entire year by 2 per cent. This, however, is very little.

Have not the successes of the last five years, some may inquire, been achieved despite the Bolsheviks, or at least, without their assistance? No. That tiny portion of industrial activity not in the hands of the government is closely regulated by it through direct control and taxation. The state's price policy in the collection of farm surpluses not only determines roughly the area sown but also the character of the crops and, occasionally, even their quality. Distribution is either a state or cooperative function, or a private business harassed and restricted by the Government. The economic system here is highly organized and centralized and the Communists have their whole hand in every pie.

But is this socialism, or communism? Is it not true that in the tenth year of the revolution Moscow is further away from socialism than ever before, and that the retreat is still progressing? Are not the attainments of the last five years explained by the adoption of capitalist methods?

For two years the majority of the Communist Party and the Trotzky Opposition have been debating these questions. The former say Russia has socialism; the latter, state capitalism. Land, natural resources, forests, railroads, all banks, and between 85 and 95 per cent of all industry are in the hands of the state. Foreign trade is a government monopoly. A small fraction of industry, petty artisans, part of domestic merchandising, and, most important, agriculture, remain. Cooperatives and the state do more trading than private merchants. In the cities, the Socialist elements far outdistance the private-capitalistic. In the villages, the exact opposite prevails. The mujik, though he does not own his holding, is still a small-scale capitalist.

The relationship between the socialistic and the capitalistic factors in economic life, however, is not static. In 1924-1925, 29.5 per cent of the entire production of the country came from socialized enterprises; in the coming year it will be 39.8 per cent. The 25,000,000 peasant households in the Soviet Union still account for the bulk of the nation's products, but they are losing ground. Moreover, the private merchant is slowly being ejected from the scene by state and cooperative stores. It is significant, too, that the socialized trading institutions have succeeded in gaining more than majority control of grain collection, the largest single economic activity in the country. Private industry is likewise collapsing. In 1925-1926 it employed 41,682 workers (against several million in government plants); in the first quarter of the current year 31,033, and in the second quarter 25,715.

The explanation of the more rapid growth of the socialized elements in the national economy as compared to the capitalistic lies in the heavy investments of fresh capital which the former have been able to make. The Government, in the last three years, has spent upward of five billion rubles for the development of socialized producing and distributing agencies. The peasants and the urban private-business community of course had far less money at their disposal. The rate of growth in agriculture and in other capitalistic forms has therefore lagged behind that of socialized activities. In the coming year, 3,350,000,000 rubles will be added to the funds of the socialized sector of the country's economy—for industry, transport, electrification, cooperatives, housing, and city building.

These figures promise gigantic achievements in the industrialization and modernization of Soviet Russia. The city will soon become all but perfectly socialized. In the country there will be socialized finance, transport, and, in large part, trade. Capitalistic agriculture, and the problem of the peasants, remain.

The Bolsheviks, accordingly, are definitely not returning to private capitalism. They are drawing further away from it. Their system is not communism, but it is not the capitalism of the Western world.

The most socialistic feature of the economic system in the Soviet Union, and the one least known abroad, is state planning. The ideal of socialism is an ordered, correlated economy free from wasteful competition and duplication. The State Planning Commission serves this purpose and much of the loss suffered by the country by reason of lack of capital, lack of experience, mistaken experiments, etc., has been balanced by the gain through planning. Capitalist production is anarchistic; bolshevism is a mortal enemy of anarchy. The State Planning Commission or Gosplan is a romance in itself. There is no more important institution in Moscow.

Whatever this system is called—socialism or state capitalism—it has certainly passed the stage of an experiment. Changes there probably will be, but the Bolsheviks feel that their method will lead Russia quickest up the lane of economic progress.

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Soviet Achievements in Public Education

By N. KRUPSKAYA

WE are beginning on the eve of our tenth anniversary to forget the "good old times" when the landowners and capitalists were the masters and the Czar's government did all in its power to keep the people in ignorance. We are beginning to forget what our schools used to be before the revolution. The country was largely illiterate. The public school was under the strict surveillance of the priest, the tight-fisted rich peasant, and the policeman. The teacher was always under suspicion. Prayers and religious instruction filled most of the school-time. Icons were the principal equipment. All the textbooks were permeated with a spirit of bigotry. Histories were written in servile loyalty to the authorities. Discussion of the realities of life was taboo. Nature-study was viewed with suspicion.

Half the population of the Russian Empire consisted of non-Russian nationalities who often had no knowledge of Russian at all. The Czar's government assumed the task of "Russifying" these nationalities. Many of the Oriental nationalities were without a script of their own. There was no literature or periodicals printed in the languages of the national minorities. No school was conducted in any language except Russian.

Minister of Education Delyanov plainly stated that the "middle" or secondary school was not for the "cook's children," but only the lower school. The middle school was turning out mainly law-abiding functionaries. The prevalent type of middle school was the classical gymnasium which prepared its students for the university. The principal subjects in the gymnasium were Latin and Greek and the history of the czars. Conditions were somewhat better in the so-called *Realschule*, but also there abstract academic instruction prevailed. The landed nobility and the rich educated their children in the institutes for young girls of quality or in private gymnasia, in military academies, law schools, or lyceums. The Ministry of Education took little interest in adult education, and was concerned mainly with surveillance over schools for adults—in forbidding Sunday schools, closing schools because they overstepped the limit and taught fractions whereas the adult workers were allowed to go only as far as the four basic operations in arithmetic. The government persecuted the instructors of Sunday schools, disrupted literacy committees, kept out of the public libraries even the works of Nekrasov, Tolstoi, Gorki, Korolenko, and closed libraries without explanation.

After the October Revolution the intelligentsia, including a large portion of the teachers throughout the country, at first did not realize the full meaning of the change. The more aristocratic among the teachers at first boycotted the Soviet Government. When the Commissar of Public Education, A. Lunacharsky, came with his assistant to the Ministry of Education, he found the institution deserted except for the technical staff. The boycott did not last long. It quickly dissipated under the pressure of the liberated masses, but the schools and the extra-scholastic education had to be rebuilt.

The first decrees of the Council of People's Commissaries separated the school from the church, removed the clergy from the school administrations, and placed the religious, parochial, and missionary schools under the authority of the People's Commissariat of Education. The office of religious instructor was abolished for all denominations and the teaching of religion or the performance of religious rites in the schools was forbidden. To this change there was no resistance on the part of the population.

The above-mentioned decrees could not be carried out with the old textbooks, permeated with the spirit of religion and the church. Even the better textbooks in the elementary schools were irreconcilably at odds with the spirit of the new decrees, and when the new system of simplified spelling was introduced, the old textbooks were still less acceptable. It required an enormous amount of work to prepare and publish new textbooks. Coeducation was decreed in May, 1918. The reform included all grades and types of schools and met with no resistance anywhere.

In October, 1918, decrees were adopted encouraging the non-Russian nationalities to organize schools conducted in their own languages. This decree gave tremendous impetus to the cultural development of the various national minorities. Thus, for instance, under the Czar's government there were in Tartaria (former province of Kazan) only thirty-nine schools open to Tartar children and instruction was conducted only in Russian. In the Crimea there were only eleven such schools for Tartars. Under the Soviet rule Tartaria now has 1,500 schools and the Crimea 350, with instruction in the native language. The Karelians, a people living on the Finnish border, once sent a delegation to the governor of Olonetsk requesting permission to open a school with instruction in the native language; the governor considered this petition nothing short of mutiny and ordered the delegation arrested. Now the Karelian Republic has 450 schools in the native language, seventy-one reading huts, and 227 reading circles.

In 1918 the system of unified work schools was introduced. These schools are divided into two grades embracing the ages from 8 to 17. So far they are too few to meet the needs of the entire population. Therefore in the second-grade schools preference is given to children of workers and to non-propertied and small-propertied peasants. It is but natural that the Soviet Government should take care of the laboring population first. The same principle governs the admission to the higher educational institutions. Children of workers, farm-hands, and poor peasants get the preference.

One of the first circulars (December, 1917) of the Commissariat of Public Education recognized the principle that pre-school education must be considered as an integral part of the school system. This work is closely connected with the work of promoting public health and expresses itself, among other things, in safeguards for mothers and infants, in the establishment of nurseries and consulting stations where mothers are taught how to care for their babies. In Czarist Russia half of the children died before the age of five. Even in such cities as Moscow and St. Petersburg infant mortality in 1913 was as high as 26 per cent. Now infant mortality in Leningrad is 13.8 per cent and in Moscow 13.3 per cent.

With the rise in the general culture of the population

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there has been a corresponding growth in child-care. The number of nurseries is steadily increasing. Before the revolution these were rare. In 1923 we had only 475 nurseries, but in 1926 the number increased to 4,101. Prior to the October Revolution the rural population had no idea of what a nursery meant, and in 1918 the peasants of the middle Volga regions were still bringing their petitions to the propaganda steamer Red Star imploring the authorities not to put their infants into the nurseries. Now this ignorance is no longer in evidence. In the rural communities there are at present about 10,000 nurseries for mother and child, and in many instances the peasants have volunteered to participate in communal plowings as a means of raising a nursery fund. In the textile regions all of the factories have nurseries. But even there the facilities are inadequate to take care of all infants. The work in this direction must be extended a great deal.

In addition to the above-mentioned types of pre-school institutions there has been a marked increase in the number of so-called "platforms," outdoor places equipped for the care of pre-school children during the summer months. The number of these platforms has been increasing rapidly. In 1924 there were only 300 of them, in 1925, 1,500, and in 1926, 3,000. These summer stations have been established not only in the Russian regions but also among the non-Russian nationalities. In a number of provinces the child-platforms have been turned into permanent kindergartens.

Simultaneously with the development of pre-school education there has been opened another new avenue of enlightenment—the extra-scholastic education for adults. A special department was organized under the Commissariat of Education to direct this work. Later it was renamed the Department of Political Education. The local subdivisions of this department are working hard toward the eradication of illiteracy. Upward of five million adults have gone through the "liquidation points," as these schools for abolishing illiteracy are called. In the towns and villages there are many schools for semi-literate and literate adults as well as courses for peasants, workers' universities, and party schools.

The book is more and more recognized as a carrier of education to distant places. The reading huts and traveling libraries are carrying on an extensive cultural work. Club activities are promoted. The work is conducted with the active participation of the population itself. It is here that one particularly realizes the growth of the new mass culture. The ever-growing number and variety of periodicals, the introduction of radio and the traveling cinemas have enormously widened the range of political education.

The Red Army is an important center for disseminating culture. Those who enter the Red Army receive, besides purely military instruction, a good general education. There are 1,509 libraries in the Red Army, 719 clubs, 47,000 reading circles. Political instruction is offered daily. After he leaves the Red Army, the soldier becomes a carrier of culture, bringing to his village enthusiasm for knowledge, the habit of reading newspapers, eagerness to raise the cultural level of the village.

In the first year of its existence the Soviet Government indicated the main course of the work on behalf of popular education. The next step was to mobilize the teachers. At first, as has been said, only a few teachers followed the lead of the Government, but gradually the teachers of the lower strata, from among the masses, drew closer to the Soviets. These teachers began to realize that the Soviet Government was affording them an opportunity to do creative work in raising the new generation destined to complete the task of the October Revolution. In the years that followed there has been steady improvement in the type of the new teacher for the new school. The teacher now is a mature person, a Red Soviet educator, standing close to the masses of the population.

The October Revolution separated the school from the church and removed the clergy from the school administration. This has been an easy task compared to the one of inculcating a sound materialist conception of life. The problem has been solved thus:

The core of the curriculum is the productive activity of mankind and its various forms of organization, viewed in a historical cross-section. Nature study, occupying a prominent place in the Soviet school, illumines the material basis for the growth of one form of productive activity or another, and shows how the economic mode of living at a given time and place determines the forms and relationships of social life, thereby revealing the connection between politics and economics. In the curricula all this is, of course, treated in the simplest possible form. The relations between nature, productive activity, and social order are explained on the basis of concrete facts and observations.

The curricula include matters that are vital to the population of any given section and are of immediate and natural interest to the child. Still another peculiarity of the curricula is their linking of the given subject with practical work in the school and the home. The school-children help in carrying out the programs of pre-school education, in organizing the children within and without the school, in teaching and serving the illiterate adults, circulating newspapers, sanitation work, popularizing new methods of farming and tending cattle. They cultivate the school gardens and farms, they form flower-cooperatives, school-cooperatives, etc.

Our schools are essentially vocational and adapted to the needs and interests of the working masses. But our material conditions are poor. We still have schools working in three shifts; the lack of buildings and equipment hinders in the establishment of workshops.

The relationship between the school and its teacher is interesting. Corporal punishment is forbidden. Coarse treatment of the children calls forth protest on the part of the children and the population. Discipline in the school aims to develop in the child an inner sense of discipline, based on a realization of its importance. To this end complete self-government has been instituted in the schools.

Our schools are in living contact with the population they serve. School exhibitions for parents are common and regular occurrences. There are also report-meetings where the children tell their parents of the work done at school. The local Soviets and their subdivisions, the delegates to the women's sections, the branches of the Comsomol (Communist League of Youth)—all are interested in the school. In the factories and at the village meetings school matters are frequently discussed. Interest in the problems of school and education is ever increasing among the population. With rapid strides we are coming abreast of other peoples, at the same time creating something new, a new culture which in its culmination will be broad and profound and permeated with the spirit of Marxism and Leninism.

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All Over the Soviet Land

By ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

FOUR years ago I went out to live among the people of the steppes and forests and villages of Russia.

My first guide was Yarkov, the singing peasant of Bronitz, who fifteen years ago was cursed as Antichrist by his fellow-villagers for proposing the rotation of crops. Then with Dmitriev I went out to the villages of Vladimir, swinging the scythe with the mowers in the river meadows, cracking the long whips with the cowherds behind the cattle, circling the fields with the women carrying the ikons to save the crops from insects.

With the People's Judge Khonin, I journeyed out to the Old Believers' villages in Saratov, dealing with horse-thieves, moonshiners, and village hooligans. All day long in the hall, holding regular court. Then in the *izba* of our peasant host, holding samovar court till midnight, the judge giving counsel and advice to all comers, reconciling hastily marrying and hastily repenting youths, hot-tempered sons with despotic fathers.

Burenkov was my guide into the village made famous by Gogol. Some forty delightful evenings I passed in the *khutors* near Dikanka and in the village itself: evenings luminous with Ukrainian moonlight and vibrant with the balalaika and the peasant choruses; out under the great oak where Mazepa declared his love to Maria; or roaming through the ruins of the old Kochuby estate with peasants telling how they burned the palace and why; and finally an "Octobering" evening in the Soviet hall where I stood up in an Ukrainian costume as the Red godfather for two Dikanka babies dedicated to the revolution. And their names were Engels and Profinterna (Trade Union International). Then into the village made famous by Tolstoi, where the old peasants discussed Leo Nikolaevich as a plowman, friend, and philosopher.

With Yesenin, the poet, I drove out some forty versts from Kirmy to see the chief peasant of the Soviet Union, that mujik of Tver, known to all the world. We found him flat on his back under a threshing machine, mending a broken wheel. Neither Russian poet nor American journalist could drag him away from his job until he had finished it. After that Kalinin was amiable enough. For work he took us mushroom gathering in the forest. For dinner he gave us each a wooden spoon to dip together from the common bowl. For a bed, a place in his fragrant hay-mow. For recreation he drove us over to holiday in a neighbor village. It was a question who was the happiest, Yesenin chanting his poems aloud to the peasants, or the peasants listening and applauding, or Kalinin passing his criticism on poets and literature in general.

The Tartar Gubaidulin was my guide into the villages around Kazan where the *Azanche* still cries to Allah from the minarets of the mosques and the sons of the *Azanche* sing Communist couplets through the streets.

It is pleasant to have guides and fellow-travelers. But for direct unimpeded contact one must go it alone. So I traveled third-class on little steamers down the winding Moscow, the Okla, and the northern Dvina, and in big steamers on the Volga and Dnieper. Everywhere I found the peasants ready to talk freely, even though I was a foreigner. When a man carries a tea-kettle, smokes *makhorka*, and takes his fleas and cockroaches philosophically, they count him straightway as one of their own and press him to join them in their travels or come with them to their villages.

Thus on the Pinega, five hundred versts from Archangel, I fell in with the woodsmen poling their boats up-river into the heart of the northern forest. Three weeks I spent with them in the land of bears, wild swans, and monstrous mosquitoes. The peasants of Popovka insisted that I should celebrate with them the ancient pagan holiday of *Maslenitza*. A parade of three hundred horses decked with ribbons, the straw effigies of the old Slavic gods hung up at the end of the street, and a smashing wall-on-wall fight between the two ends of the village with victory for the lower end—an auspicious omen for a good harvest.

Then in Alekseevka the triumph session of the Soviet which declared the old three-field "grandfather" system of agriculture dead and decreed the nine-field system for the future.

Thus following the lead of chance acquaintance, I sojourned in, perhaps, a hundred villages of central and northern Russia, and when my eyes wearied of the plains I turned south to the Caucasus, "the stone girdle of the globe." On foot over the Georgian Military Road, bathing in the Narzan pool from the bubbling spring on the crest, following the shepherds with their flocks up into the mountain meadows; then into Kaketia, the valley of wine, where the over-hospitable natives sought to drown me in red and purple floods.

A coasting steamer carried me along the Black Sea to the Crimea, and from Yalta I followed the bandit-infested highway that zigzags up past Ai-Petri. Happily, Abdullah, my chance companion, had the best of bandit connections, and so we came safely to Bakchesarai and Sebastopol. From there again into the Ukraine; a year and a half in the Chuvash, Mordvian, and Russian settlements along the Volga; and six months in a village near Moscow.

Drawn by Louis Lozowick.

Poor Peasant House

In these five years I have seen great changes in the life of the masses.

First, a general rise in their material welfare.

I came in the wake of the

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famine, when the land was still in the throes of poverty and epidemics. Now I have seen the harvest return to the Volga Basin. Into Kvalinsk, the worst of the hunger-scourged *volosts*, I have seen wheat come pouring down in long files of creaking wagons and in camel caravans from across the steppe. In big streams it pours into granaries and barges and into the mills, grinding away day and night. It pours life into the veins of the state, loosing the tides of trade and commerce. It pours laughter and song into the peasant masses crowding into the bazaar. It sets the forges glowing and the anvils ringing and brings tractors and machines into the villages. Except for a few nailed-up *izbas*, whose owners never returned from their long pilgrimage after bread, and the glistening white trunks of the willows peeled of their bark for food, no sign remains of the holocaust that reigned here a few years ago.

Not everywhere is the change in the well-being of the peasant so marked, but all over the Soviet land it is steadily improving. Not only did the peasant receive tens of millions of *dessiatines* from the revolution, but these were the best lands, the fertile fields and meadows of the landlords, giving him the foundation for the creation of a fairer standard of life. The peasant is still poor. But along with black bread and cabbage soup he is now eating the butter and eggs he formerly sold in the market. He still lives in a log-hut, but the new ones he builds are bigger and have more window space. "We want to live in the light," he says.

No longer are there complaints about the "cursed wantlessness" of the mujik. Content no longer with the mere necessities of life, he is demanding its comforts and amenities—demanding them insistently in keeping with his new evaluation of himself.

In every peasant can be seen the growth in consciousness of himself as a citizen and a man. Didn't he realize his dreams of centuries in wresting the soil from the landlord? Didn't he defend it from invading armies on seventeen fronts? Hasn't he forced radical changes in Soviet policies? No longer a pawn or puppet in the hands of an inscrutable force to which he must helplessly submit, he feels himself master of his destiny, the maker of history.

Last winter with a commissar I made a sleigh journey across the steppe of Saratov. Our road—a narrow track cutting through the deep snow-fields. Our old *yemshik* in as fine fettle as the blooded horse he was driving, and a bit arrogant. This was like the days of old when he drove the landlord and the peasant sledges hastened to give him the right of way. Now a sledge was coming head on and our *yemshik*, cracking his whip and rising grandly on his box, cried out:

"Ho there, mujik! Off the road! Don't you see I'm driving a commissar?"

"Commissar, eh?" jeered the mujik. "He's not a czar, is he? If we made the Czar get off the road, we can make a commissar!"

Threats and curses from our *yemshik*, but to no avail. Then he changed his tone to one of entreaty and persuasion.

"But, *tovarish*, don't you see it's a town horse I'm driving? A two-year-old and afraid of the deep snow?"

"Now, little dove," said the mujik, smiling amiably, "you talk sensibly. After all the revolution did let some light into your thick head." And turning his sledge into the deep snow he gave us the road.

More marked than the peasant's growth in material well-being and self-esteem is his growth in political understanding. A far hark back to the days of those agitators who complained that when the peasants heard of the Constituent Assembly they thought it a new sort of vodka, and the secret Australian ballot some sort of a kangaroo. In the last decade the peasant has received an intensive education in politics and government. Scores of peasant papers have been established and hundreds of ring posts to carry them into remotest districts. Thousands of *nardoms* (folk-homes) have been erected; and when funds were lacking, two or three sheds, stores, and *kulak's* houses have been combined for the purpose. Anything for a place of assemblage to give vent to feelings long repressed and now welling up in speech that starts at sundown and lasts till rooster-crow. Millions of meetings, lectures, disputes, debates.

Amazing, this increase in political literacy. Penetrate into the most backward section of Russia—the deaf villages of the North, the mountains of the Caucasus, the far off steppes of the Urals—and with difficulty you will find a group of men who cannot discuss with a degree of intelligence the French debt demands, the encircling tactics of Chamberlain, or the careers of the Chinese generals. There may be peasants who have not heard of Sacco and Vanzetti, but I have not met them.

Criticism of the social order is not limited to the "democratic" system under which various other nations live, or to the monarchist system under which the peasants formerly lived. It is directed quite as mercilessly at the system under which they live today.

Yesterday, around a campfire on the river bank, I took pot-luck with a threshers' *artel* going home at the end of the season. While we drank our raspberry tea, the "elder," a tall blond lad of twenty-two, discoursed on the principles of the Soviet. Easily, philosophically, he explained that the Soviet is a temporary expedient, that, like other systems, it plays a coercive role, then it passes away to the stateless society in which "we shall be one big family, the workers giving tools and cloth, and we mujiks supplying the workers with bread. And there will be no money. Not hard for us mujiks to get along without money; we never had much, anyhow." He was repeating the theory learned in the winter school of peasant youth in his village sixty versts back from Ryazan.

Needless to say, most discussions of the Soviet system are not carried on in such an abstract, theoretical manner. They concern themselves with practical issues: the tax-levy; the grain loan; the excessive vodka-drinking of the *volost* secretary; where the judge got his funds for building a new house; the bourgeois traits manifesting themselves in their former fellow-villager, Ivan Petrovich, since his elevation to a post in Moscow.

The peasant accepts the Soviet as an institution in which "he is teaching himself how to rule himself." He well knows its defects and disabilities and comments on them in a language of great strength and variety. This right to curse is for the peasant one of the supreme conquests of the revolution. It rises out of the conviction that this is a government of his own, a government in which he has a part and a say and which he can alter. But let no outsider presume to join the peasant who is criticizing or assailing the Soviet. To his great sorrow he will find that this privilege the peasant jealously reserves for himself.

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Liberty Under the Soviets

By ROGER N. BALDWIN

Paris, October 15

I SPENT a little more than two months this summer traveling from the top to the bottom of Russia—from Georgia to Leningrad, through the Crimea and the Ukraine. My inquiries were made with a special eye to Russia's methods of political control and to the kinds and degrees of liberty existing there. Allowance must be made for the fact that I happened to arrive at a time of greater repression and terrorism than has existed since 1921, due to the fear of counter-revolutionary plots following the murder of the Soviet Ambassador at Warsaw and the rupture with Great Britain, with the consequent threat of war. Thousands had been arrested all over Russia. The prisons were crowded. The Government was nervous. The Kremlin in Moscow was closed to all visitors; the Moscow political prisons were closed to all except their inmates; and the high chiefs of the G. P. U. (political police) were inaccessible to all inquirers.

Despite this extraordinary situation I was able to visit a dozen prisons, to discuss freely with officials the issues and the facts, and to talk with many opponents of the Soviet regime, both among the old bourgeoisie and the Anarchists, Socialists, and Tolstoians. Away from Moscow the tension was markedly less. In the villages, which after all constitute most of Russia, there was hardly the slightest reflection of it.

Access to officials and to institutions, save for the exceptions I have noted in Moscow, is easier for a foreigner in Russia than anywhere else in Europe. Contrary to common report, this is true even on the delicate subjects of political prisoners, exiles, and the secret service. Prosecutors, wardens, G.P.U. officials, all talked freely. Some things they frankly refused to tell—the numbers of political prisoners and exiles, the method of executions, and the size of the police and secret service.

My personal bias in approaching repression under the Soviet regime is divided between warm support of the revolution and a Western prejudice in favor of the utmost freedom of opinion consistent with its maintenance—as a basis essential to its further growth. Though there is no such freedom of political opinion in Russia today, it does not follow that Russia is without significant liberties. They do not fit our traditional Western concepts of individual liberty, based historically upon the emergence of private capitalist enterprise; they are group and class liberties within the political structure of the Soviet state. In addition there is a striking freedom of nationalities in their cultural life, of religious organizations (provided they do not mix in politics), and of women in all social relations.

Against these developing class and group freedoms in the Soviet state stands the fact of universal suppression of political opposition—whether from bourgeois counter-revolutionary sources, from the remnants of the old Socialist parties, from the Anarchists, or even from within the Communist Party. The G.P.U. exists to suppress it, doing probably the most effective political police job in the world. But more important than its function is the rigid control exercised over every means of communication throughout the Soviet Union, not only to stifle political opposition but to keep the way clear for the dictatorship's program. The press and all publications, the mails, cinema, radio, and all associations are either Communist-directed or Communist-censored. This censorship remains essentially unchanged on the basis established in 1922. It is more thorough, more frank, more effective than any control in Europe. But it displays an unexpected elasticity and intelligence, though it suffers from the stupidities inherent in all dictatorships.

Leon Trotzky
Leader of the Opposition

There is terrorism in Russia, but it is directed chiefly against a comparatively small class, the old bourgeoisie. They live in constant fear of arrest on the slightest suspicion of political activity. They are discriminated against in every possible way. When, in discussing with a Communist official what seemed to me unnecessary cruelty to an impotent class, I referred to their sense of being terrorized, he said: "Thank God they are!"

The great masses of the Russian people have no such sense. I doubt if one peasant out of ten ever heard of the G.P.U. There is no repression by force in the villages, either against the *kulaks* (richer peasants) or the priests. There is no forcible repression of any section of the working class, though Anarchists and Socialists among them are sometimes exiled for activity. The G.P.U. is careful not to arouse antagonism among workers or peasants by arresting bona fide producers. Intellectuals or office workers are regarded as another breed. Great surprise was voiced in Russia during the arrests last June because a number of factory workers and peasants had been arrested in the general round-up.

The cries of horror which accompany political executions of bourgeois opponents are all of bourgeois origin. I asked the president of a peasant Soviet—a non-Communist—what he thought of the summary execution of twenty members of the old regime last June. His reply would be echoed by any of the active peasant minority supporting the Soviet regime: "If it is necessary to execute a thousand of them to save the revolution, I would be for it." No peasants or workers have been executed for political reasons since the civil war ended in 1921. Nor have any Socialists or Anarchists, with the sole exception of a few Georgian Socialist-Nationalists.

Real fear of speaking out is limited to the classes definitely opposed to the present regime—the old bourgeois, the old intellectuals, the reactionary priests, the rich peasants who have less land now than before, the traders, and

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the national-independence advocates in Georgia and the Ukraine. These classes are far less numerous in Russia than the suppressed classes under other dictatorships, and fear is therefore far less general than it is elsewhere in Europe under systems similarly controlled. Nor does the rigid control of means of communication mean the universal imposition of propaganda. Russian habits of discussion and protest, vigorous even under the Czar, together with the stimulus of the new life growing up under the constant encouragement of the Communist Party, go far to offset the evils of regimentation. Indeed, I met everywhere among workers and peasants a spirit of freedom, a released creative force that stands out in contrast to the furtive fear that marks every other dictatorship. There are exceptions, of course, even among workers and peasants, especially where socialism or anarchism had a hold or social religion such as Tolstoi's, a following.

Criticism of the regime is amazingly free, but it is confined to the causes of economic discontent—unemployment, high prices, shortage of goods, and bureaucratism. It does not and cannot attack the dictatorship as such. The Communist regime keeps its ear to the ground, and is constantly endeavoring to meet this discontent. I happened to be present at a meeting of a village Soviet when the tax bills for the year were presented by a messenger from the county seat. They were denounced as iniquitous, and the Government was attacked as a robber of peasants.

There is no sharp dividing line between those who thus may speak their minds and those who are arrested and exiled for their expressed opinions or their activities. Counter-revolution and economic espionage are elastic offenses, and the system of administrative exile allows no real defense to anyone charged with subversive activity. By far the largest number of those exiled or imprisoned are members of the old bourgeoisie, many of them guilty of nothing but being what they are. A sharp distinction is made between them as "counter-revolutionaries" and "political prisoners"—Socialists or Anarchists. The bourgeois counter-revolutionaries convicted in the courts are treated like common criminals, and a few can be found in any Russian prison. But most of the bourgeois and all of the Socialist and Anarchist political prisoners are now dealt with administratively, not by public trial in the courts: they are sent either to one of six special prison colonies, where they get a better regime than in ordinary prisons; or they may be sent into exile in Siberia or Turkestan, or to exile in its lightest form, a prohibition of living in any one of the six largest cities.

This whole system of exile is surrounded with mystery in Russia. It is never mentioned in the press. The Government will not publish the number of persons arrested or exiled. Facts as to the disposition of any particular person are given, but that is all. It is therefore impossible even to estimate fairly how many persons are now in exile. All that it is possible to say is that it runs into thousands and that as between the bourgeois and revolutionary exiles the proportion is about 5 to 1. The number of persons actually sentenced by the courts for political offenses is of course known, but no figures have been compiled. They include some hundreds of the bourgeoisie, a few score of Socialists; no Anarchists.

The pressure on Socialists and Anarchists has lightened somewhat, as the chance for their anti-Soviet activity has decreased. The Anarchists are allowed to maintain a bookstore in Moscow, and occasionally to publish books properly censored. One young Anarchist, arrested in Moscow on the night of the Voikoff murder, told me that he was kept three weeks in prison, apparently for the sole object of persuading him that anarchism and communism had the same ultimate objective and that he ought to support the Soviet regime. When he failed to see the point he was released.

Conditions of the exiles are about the same as under the Czar, for the unique Russian system remains the same. They are sent to very distant places in small villages where work is hard to find, and they get only an allowance of a little more than $3 a month to live on in a land where $3 goes about as far as it does in the United States. They may, of course, receive money or goods from friends and relatives, and their families may accompany them. Although the period of exile is limited by law to three years, that period is commonly renewed without the formality of doing more than change the place of exile.

Conditions in the prisons have undoubtedly improved. Physically they are still very bad, but humanly their administration is an advance on anything I have seen elsewhere. Wardens are practically all former political prisoners who know how prisons should be run. The new penology, taken over by the Soviets from the best ideas of the West, has a real hold, even in the most remote places.

It is not, however, the conditions of prison life which are significant from a political viewpoint, but who is in prison. And that depends largely on the Government's attitude in the international situation. More prisoners are taken in, and of more varied types, whenever the anti-Soviet pressure abroad becomes acute or whenever some internal counter-revolutionary plot arouses fear. At such times, as for instance in June, hundreds on the lists of the G.P.U. are picked up in a hurry, to be examined, and, for the most part, later freed. Of perhaps four or five thousand arrested all over Russia last June, it was estimated that only seven or eight hundred were actually exiled.

The attitude concerning the G. P. U. is everywhere one of reticence—even where it is not feared. It exercises a power all but supreme, checked only by the highest political authority. Even the government chiefs are inclined to defer to its judgment of what constitutes public safety. Its operations are masked in secrecy; it encourages dread by making its arrests late at night; and rumor is the chief reporter of its decisions. Wild stories are constantly afloat about executions, though it is certain that none has taken place without public announcement. There is more reason to believe that some of those announced have not occurred, especially where the G. P. U. has been able to secure a useful agent by sparing a life.

Several hundred religious conscientious objectors are serving sentences for refusal to take military training. The administration of the law has become much narrower since the death of Lenin, who had drafted it on liberal lines. Comparatively few sects are exempted from active service, and none from some form of service. The Tolstoians are the chief sufferers. An interesting commentary on the situation which confronts them developed at a meeting of their society in Moscow at which I spoke. Three of the young men present came up to me afterward, explaining that they were conscientious objectors serving terms in prison, from which they had been released to attend the meeting on their promise to come back in a day or two.

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These leaves of absence from prison are one of the characteristic features of the new penology in Russia. But at the same time the secretary and two women assistants were in prison for writing letters to members concerning the military-service law, and next day they were exiled to Siberia. One of the prisoners out on leave went to the station to see them off.

There is talk in Russia about an amnesty on the tenth anniversary of the revolution, but it is hardly possible in the still nervous state of affairs in Russia that any essential change will take place in the control of opposition. The struggle within the Communist Party has doubtless increased the rigors of internal repression. Members of the Opposition have themselves been the objects of G. P. U. surveillance, and in a few cases of arrest. A few expelled Opposition members have suffered exile.

Nor is there any discernible tendency in Russia toward other tempering changes in the universal control of communication. The censorship of books and periodicals has lifted slightly, and out in the republics away from Moscow it is even easy-going. The radio and cinema are on about the same level of control as elsewhere. Incoming foreign news, while controlled by the state telegraph agency, is subject to no more than a casual censorship; and the foreign correspondents in Moscow call the censorship on their dispatches "one of the lightest possible." The censor calls it a control for "accuracy and fairness only." The way it works in matters of opinion was well illustrated by two American journalists this summer. One, who wrote an article on the Red Terror, was asked if he minded putting that phrase in quotation marks; the other, who wrote on the "war danger," was asked if he minded taking off the quotation marks.

Despite this wholesale political control in Russia, the basis of the dictatorship is wider than any in Europe. A comparison of Russia with Italy is ridiculous. The Italian regime is a one-man-and-the-police dictatorship, with the overwhelming mass of Italians against it. The Russian regime is a dictatorship of a whole party and the police, with only a minority against it. It suffers from an inherited system of high-handed political control, and it displays traits of cruelty obviously unnecessary to its security. But it is directed by an amazingly devoted, if somewhat fanatical group, doing the most heroic piece of social engineering ever undertaken, and that in a country of primitive economy and culture. The working out of its great experiment depends in large part upon democracy in the Communist Party machine and upon the party's responsiveness to criticism, to discontent, and to the creative forces of the Russian people in peasants' and workers' associations. Its rigid controls are regarded as temporary war measures, but of course they run the danger of becoming intrenched as a system of government. How far that danger is real depends largely on how free the rest of the world will leave Russia to work out a revolution which is perhaps—happily or unhappily—too universal in its significance to be let alone by its enemies.

Mass Movies

By SERGE MIKHIALOVICH EISENSTEIN

I AM a civil engineer and mathematician by training. I approach the making of a motion picture in much the same way as I would the equipment of a poultry farm or the installation of a water system. My point of view is thoroughly utilitarian, rational, materialistic.

When the little "collective" which I direct hits on a subject we do not draft plans in an office. Nor do I go and sit under an oak tree waiting for poetic inspiration. Our slogan is "Down with intuitive creation." Instead we wallow in life. Having chosen the village as the theme of our latest production, "Generalnaya Linya" (General Peasant Policy), we dip into the archives of the Commissariat of Agriculture. Thousands of peasant complaints are perused. We attend village soviet meetings and listen to village gossips. The picture—it will be finished on January 1—shows the power of the soil over man and aims to teach the town-dweller understanding and affection for the peasant. We took the actors from night-lodging houses; we picked them up on the road. The "heroine" must plow and milk a cow.

Our films do not center around an individual or a triangle. We want to develop the public, not the actor. This is a reflection of the spirit of collectivism which is abroad in the land. Nor do we attempt to excite vicarious participation in the lives of the persons of the drama; that is an appeal to sentiment. The cinema can make a far bigger contribution and a far stronger impression by projecting matter and bodies rather than feelings. We photograph an echo and the rat-a-tat-tat of a machine-gun. The impression is physiological. Our psychological approach is on the one hand that of the great Russian scholar, Pavlov, with his principle of reflexology, and on the other, that of the Austrian Freud—the principle of psychoanalysis.

Take the scene in "Potemkin" where the Cossacks slowly, deliberately walk down the Odessa steps firing into the masses. By consciously combining the elements of legs, steps, blood, people, we produce an impression—of what kind? The spectator does not imagine himself at the Odessa wharf in 1905. But as the soldiers' boots press forward he physically recoils. He tries to get out of the range of the bullets. As the baby carriage of the crazed mother goes over the side of the mole he holds on to his cinema chair. He does not want to fall into the water.

Our mounting method is a further aid in achieving such effects. Some countries in which the picture industry is highly developed do not use mounting at all. A sled rushes down a snowy toboggan and you merely see it sliding and skidding to the bottom. We photograph the bumps, and the movie goer feels them, and hears them, too, from the orchestra pit just as he did the throbbing of the engines when the armored cruiser "Potemkin" moved into battle. For this reason, probably, the movement of things and of machines in our pictures is not a part quickly to be passed over but one of absorbing interest. Mounting—the interlacing of close-ups, of side-views, top-views, bottom-views—is the most important part of our work. A picture is either made or unmade by it. Such methods cannot be adapted to the theater. I started in the theater, with the Proletcult, but left it for motion pictures. The theater, I believe, is a

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dying institution. It is the handiwork of the petty artisan. The movie reflects heavy, highly organized industry.

The scenic effect is calculated; so also is the ideological effect. We never start a picture without knowing why. "Potemkin" was an episode of revolutionary heroism calculated to electrify the masses. "Generalnaya Linya" seeks to encourage the bond between the city and the village—the outstanding political task of Bolshevism. "October," which will be shown all over the Union on November 7, depicts the ten days in the autumn of 1917 that shook the world. It shows history being made by the man in the street, by the worker from the foundry, by the lousy soldier from the trench. It identifies the common citizen of today with that history.

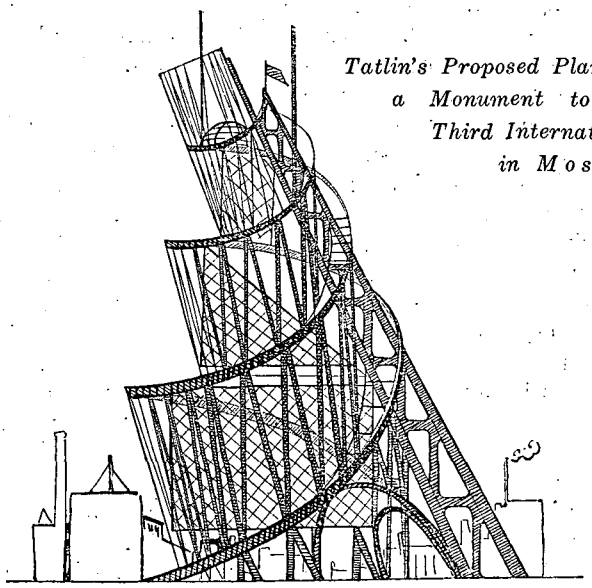
Conditions make our work easy. Night after night from four to five thousand Leningrad workers volunteered to participate in the storming of the Winter Palace which forms part of "October." The government supplied the arms and uniforms, as well as the army. In addition to workers and soldiers, we needed a mob. But word was whispered about and the militia had to be summoned to keep away the tens of thousands.

In "Potemkin" the Black Sea fleet was put at our disposal. On November 7, 1917, the flagship Aurora of the Baltic squadron joined the Communists and proceeded up the Neva to bombard the Winter Palace. The state lent us the Aurora for the reenactment of this scene in "October." We likewise had the use of tanks and artillery.

As we stick to life for our subjects so we stick to life for our scenery. We never build streets, or cities, or villages. The natural ones are truer. The detail of permission is easily arranged. No private owner or entrepreneur can object to the photographing of his premises or demand payment for the privilege. These things cheapen production.

"Potemkin" was a poster. "Generalnaya Linya" and "October" are subtler. They are nearer life. We are learning. We feel that our method is the only correct one and that its potentialities are unlimited.

Our method and America's highly developed movie technique ought to be a powerful combination. For this reason we are interested in an invitation to work in the United States during the next year. If our activities here permit, and if we are granted freedom of action in the United States, we may soon be there.



Tatlin's Proposed Plan for a Monument to the Third International in Moscow

The Patient

By MICHAEL ZOSHCHENKO

Translated by Max Eastman

PELAGEIA rode thirty versts to the village hospital. She started at dawn and arrived at the one-story white house about noon.

"The surgeon?" she asked interestedly of a mujik sitting on the porch.

"The surgeon?" The mujik asked with equal interest. "Sick, eh? Belly, very likely."

"Yes, I'm sick," answered Pelageia.

"I'm sick, too, dear," said the mujik. "Ate too much meal. I'm number seven on the list."

Pelageia tied her horse to the lattice and went into the hospital. The doctor's assistant, Ivan Kuzmich, was receiving patients. He was little and old and dreadfully famous. Everybody around there knew him and praised him and called him "surgeon," without any reason.

Pelageia entered his room, bowed low, and sat down on the edge of a chair.

"You sick?" asked Ivan Kuzmich.

"I *am* sick," said Pelageia. "That is to say, I'm sick through and through. Every little bone aches and trembles. My heart is rotting alive."

"What could that come from?" the assistant asked indifferently. "Since when?"

"Since autumn, Ivan Kuzmich. Ever since autumn. In the autumn I got sick. You know just when my husband, Dimitri Naumich, arrived from the city, I got sick. I'll be standing, for instance, beside the table, rolling cookies in the flour. Dimitri Naumich used to love those same cookies. 'Where is he now?' I thinks to myself, 'In the city he is a Soviet deputy.' "

"Now please, little woman," said the assistant. "Jabber a little, but not too much. What's your trouble?"

"That's just what I'm telling you," said Pelageia. "I'll be standing alongside the table rolling cookies. Suddenly my aunt Agafia runs in like a ram and waves her hand. 'Come!' she cries, 'Pelageiiushka, come quick! You'd never believe it. Your man has come, and is walking up the street with a bag and a stick!' My heart stops beating. My legs give out. I stand there like a fool and knead cookies. . . . Then I drop the cookies and run out in the yard. And in the yard the sun is playing. The air is soft. On the left, right by the stable, a yellow calf is standing, shooing flies with his little tail. I look at that calf. Tears come to my eyes. 'There,' I think, 'Dimitri Naumich will be delighted with that same yellow calf!'

"If you please," the doctor's assistant said, frowning, "talk business."

"I am talking it, little father. Don't be angry. I am talking business. I ran outside the gate. I looked this way, you know—to the left. There the Klopovski's goat is browsing; a rooster is scratching with his feet. I look to the right. In the very middle I see Dimitri Naumich coming. I look at him. My heart flutters. A hiccough rises in my throat. 'Oh, honest holy mother of God! Oh!' I think, 'I'm a little sick!'

"And he comes along with a serious short step. His beard waves in the wind—and a city suit on him—and leather shoes!

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"When I saw those shoes, something kind of broke loose inside of me. 'Oh!' I thought. 'What am I good for, such an ignoramus, if he is maybe a big citizen and a Soviet deputy?'

"I stand like a fool by the lattice and can't make my feet go. I run my fingers over the lattice and stand stock still. And he, Dimitri Naumich, the Soviet deputy, comes up to me with short steps and salutes me.

"'How do you do?' says he, 'Pelageia Maximovna! How many long years since we met!'

"I should have taken that bag from Dimitri Naumich, but like a fool I just looked at his shoes and never moved.

"'Oh!' I think, 'my mujik has forgotten me—wears leather shoes—talks with city folks—maybe with Communist girls!'

"But Dimitri Naumich speaks in a deep bass voice. 'Ah,' says he, 'Pelageia, Pelageia! Such you are! Ignorant,' says he, 'my ignorant Pelageia Maximovna. What can we talk about now? I,' says he, 'am an educated man, a Soviet deputy. I,' says he, 'know perhaps the four rules of arithmetic right through. I understand,' says he, 'fractions. And you,' says he, 'look at what you are! Maybe you couldn't even,' says he, 'perhaps write your name on a piece of paper. Another man might very easily throw you over for ignorance and lack of education.'

"And I stand by the lattice and murmur these words: 'Of course, Dimitri Naumich, throw me over. It means nothing to you.'

"And he takes me by the hand and says, 'I was only joking, Pelageia Maximovna. Stop thinking. I was only fooling,' says he. 'What do you imagine?'

"My heart rolled over again, and the hiccough rose in my throat. Says I: 'Dimitri Naumich, don't worry, I can learn fractions, too, you know, and the four rules, or even to write my name on a paper. I won't disgrace you,' I says."

The doctor's assistant rose from his chair.

"Come! For Heaven's sake!" he said. "That's enough! enough! No more jabber. What's your trouble?"

"Trouble? Why nothing now, Ivan Kuzmich. It goes better now. I can't complain of my health. But he says to me, 'I was fooling,' he says. That means he meant some kind of a joke."

"Yes, yes, he was joking," said the assistant. "Of course. Shall I give you some powders?"

"Oh, I don't think it's necessary. Thank you, Ivan Kuzmich, for the advice. I must be going."

Pelageia, setting a little bag of grain on the table as a fee, got up and went toward the door. Then she came back. "As to those fractions, Ivan Kuzmich, where should I go now to find out about those same fractions? Should I go to a teacher?"

"Yes, go to a teacher," the doctor's assistant said. "Of course! That has nothing to do with medicine."

Modern Women in Soviet Russia

By ALEXANDRA RAKOVSKY

THE great French idealist, Charles Fourrier, declared that one could judge the degree of civilization of a country by the social and political position of its women. The ten years since Russia's October revolution have witnessed an enormous change in woman's status. In Czarist days she had no civil or political life. In present-day Russia she is ahead of her fellows in Europe or, indeed, anywhere in the world.

The development of large-scale industry in Russia had its start before 1870, and from the beginning women took part side by side with men in the economic life of the country. According to the census of 1897 Russia had five and a half million male industrial workers, and one and a half million women; and the Bureau of Labor reports for 1913 indicate that 30.7 per cent of the factory workers were then women. During the war the proportion of women workers grew. By 1917 they formed 40.2 per cent of the industrial working class of Russia, and this proportion has been growing ever since; in 1918, in thirty-one out of the thirty-eight provinces of old Russia, it was already 42.8 per cent.

The trade unions have also developed since the October revolution. In Czarist Russia they were illegal and secret; only in 1917 did the Russian proletariat win a legal right to organize. By 1925, out of a total of 6,604,684 trade-union members, 1,682,991 were women—25.5 per cent. In the textile industry 53.9 per cent of the organized workers were women; 57.5 per cent of the clothing workers, and 38 per cent of the organized clerks were women. In the same year in Germany only 21.8 per cent of the trade-union members were women; in France 10.3 per cent; and in Great Britain 15.1 per cent.

Women play a large part also in the organizations of poor and middle-class peasants and they supply about one-seventh of the members of the unions of agricultural workers. In Russia the cooperatives are highly developed and in them women, as organizers, producers, and consumers, have an important share. A quarter of the cooperative officials are women; a woman often begins in a small cooperative and rises to be a member of the committee or commission of control of the whole cooperative society.

But it is particularly in the structure of the law that woman has obtained her full equality. In the first place she has an absolutely equal right to vote and to hold office. About 15 per cent of the members of the local soviets are women—as many in the country as in the city. Women participate as delegates in the Soviet congresses and they serve as commissars, particularly in the departments of education and of public assistance. They are even admitted to the General Staff School—we have women officers who have graduated from this military academy—and to the diplomatic service. Alexandra Kollontai has served as minister to Norway and to Mexico.

Lenin said: "In a workers' and peasants' republic every citizen should be educated, and so educated that he may direct and defend the interests of the state." The political education of women begins in the local Soviet, where women not only participate in the discussions but also in the village or city administration. As every woman elected to the Soviet periodically reports upon her service,

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they become accustomed to political life. Their service is equally important in the people's tribunals where women often serve as judges and in settling labor conflicts. Thanks to this varied activity, Russian women exercise a powerful influence in questions concerning childhood and maternity and supervise the application of the laws protecting women —in which respect Soviet Russia has the most advanced legislation of any country.

But it is in family legislation that women have acquired their most important rights. They are no longer subordinate members of their own families. The new marriage and family law of January, 1927, asserts the necessity of registering marriages "in the interest of the government and of society and with the purpose of better defending the personal and material interests of the two parties and of the child." Civil marriage is obligatory; religious marriage is a private matter for the individual to decide. The minimum age for marriage is eighteen. Man and woman are equally free to retain their own names or to assume the name of the other party. The property of either before marriage continues to be his or her property afterward, and the two parties have equal rights in the administration of the family estate. Any attempt to diminish the rights or property of the other is illegal. Divorce takes place by a simple declaration made in common by both parties or even by one of them alone. Then arises the question of the children. When the father is known and recognized by the court it obliges him to bear his share of the cost of educating and maintaining the child. It is the government's duty to defend the interests of a mother or of children who are abused by the husband or the father. Children of an unregistered union have equal rights before the law with those whose parents have recorded their marriages. All children are legitimate; there are no more "bastards" in Russia.

The struggle for social and political equality in Soviet Russia has been facilitated by the extensive organization of committees to end illiteracy, of lecture series, and of popular libraries. In the last few years more than half a million women have learned to read and write, and along with this has gone a process of political education. Close to the factories and workshops everywhere in Russia one finds various sorts of political schools. There are also continuation schools, some with long terms, some with short, to train the women for more skilled labor. The doors of the university, too, are wide open to women of the various nationalities within the Soviet Union. A third of the college and university students in 1926 were women, and more than half of these women students were workers. Among the recent university graduates are women lawyers, doctors, engineers.

The women's section in the local committees of the Communist Party facilitate all this cultural activity and insist upon strict application of the laws for the protection of women and children. These sections also seek to organize the working women outside the party—not only in Moscow but in the most distant corners of the republic, particularly in the East where before the revolution women were literally the slaves of their husbands. The October revolution caused a radical change in sex relations in European Russia, but the declaration of sex equality in the Soviet republics of Central Asia has revolutionized social life from top to bottom. Hence the particular importance of the women's sections in the Asiatic parts of the Union.

The Colorado River Controversy

By MARY AUSTIN

THE second Colorado River Conference, which began at Denver, August 22, and is still going on between recesses to permit the assembled governors of seven States to attend to their respective duties, is not only the most interesting of our territorial adventures, it is in some respects the most American conference which has taken place among us since the Continental Congress. Here, while the congress of peace-seeking nations fails at Geneva and Europe is still staggering under the burden of its own struggle across a little river like the Rhine, a territory equal to the whole of the republic of France, within which our original Colonies could be so disposed that it would take a good car two weeks to locate all of them, is being discussed by a small group of men whose names are Hunt, Adams, Emerson, Young, Wallace, Winsor, Mathews, Wilson, Dern, Dillon, McClusky, and others of that ilk. And if you imagine that Dillon, McClusky, Mecham, and Balzar are not *de novo* American names, you have only to turn back the pages of American history to discover that there never was an important territorial conference in the United States which did not include names of similar derivation. In keeping with this tradition the first Colorado River Conference, which was held at Santa Fé in 1922, included the Pennsylvania Dutch Quaker name of Hoover, representing the federal government. At this second conference, however, the States are on their own, settling a controversy which had arisen between two of them.

Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, and California are all involved in the project for converting the rampageous Rio Colorado into irrigation ditches and hydroelectric power. But from the beginning the situation of California was somewhat apart from the other intramontane States. The others are all relatively undeveloped, anxious to restrain development rather than to hurry it. California, on the other hand, is involved in an inflated economic complex which by its own momentum has outrun its own resources. Unless new resources can be found, Southern California—it is only the section southwest of the San Bernardino Mountains which is affected—must suffer a serious check to her characteristic expansion. And California's claim on the Colorado is not quite in the same case as the other States. Hers is the smallest fragment of the basin, and she contributes no flow to the waters of the river, her natural right resting on 300 miles of State line along the Colorado. Her chief claim is to the waters already taken out of the river for irrigation in Imperial Valley, and to uncompleted filings for domestic water for coastal cities. And at the original conference California was, of all the seven States, most alive to the possibilities tied up with the river project. At that conference a compact was drawn up which secured to the four upper basin States, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico, 50 per cent of the flow

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of the river, *in perpetuity*, leaving the other 50 per cent to be divided among Nevada, California, and Arizona. Nevada, in view of the small amount of land suitable for irrigation, was easily contented with 2 per cent of the lower half of the river, Arizona and California being left to agree on the partition of the remainder; until such agreement had been arrived at, Arizona refused to ratify the compact. A little later California withdrew from it altogether. And then Utah. And in August of 1927 a second conference was called to uncover the roots of the situation.

It is always a little difficult to deal with Southern California as one deals with other localities. In Southern California boosting has become a religious duty; and the divine right of that section to all it can get, by any method whatever, is unquestioned. Naturally California wanted more than half of the water left by the compact to be shared between her and Arizona, and was hurt because Arizona so evidently didn't mean to surrender it. A great many people in the Southwest felt California's way about it; such is the glamor over all the American view of the immediate and the outsize enterprise. Even Mr. Hoover called Arizona rebellious, though what she rebelled against was the forced limitations of the development. Arizona has practically all her lands in the basin subject to irrigation, and contributes the major portion of the southern basin flow. Moreover, she has lands that would produce in due time exactly the citrus fruits and sub-tropical crops that are grown in California. Arizona therefore continued to insist that a fifty-fifty allocation was not only fair but generous. Also there was the question of power control. Suppose Arizona should continue to insist on the natural logic of natural resources. It was much to California's interest to build a dam at Boulder Lake as soon as possible. This would take care of all Southern California's necessities, and do very little for Arizona. It would benefit the five other States not at all. But the dam would be on Arizona's soil and subject more or less to her State control. California withdrew from the Santa Fé Compact and initiated the Swing-Johnson Bill.

Detailed discussion of the Swing-Johnson Bill is reserved for all citizens of the United States who have an interest in the question of the federal control of State resources, for all people who have an interest in power, both present and prospective, and for those who see in any move toward the socialization of natural resources either an advantage or a menace. Also the six intramontane States whose chief natural asset is the Colorado River are intimately concerned. The power to be developed by the proposed Boulder Creek Dam is estimated as about equal to the sum of all the existing power development in the United States. A few of Arizona's reasons for objecting to the Swing-Johnson Bill are that irrigation demands are sacrificed to power prospects; that the bill utilizes the natural resources of Arizona and Nevada to develop California; that the bill initiates the taking of natural resources from one State to another without compensation. There are twenty-three other reasons set forth in the statement of Arizona which can be had by applying to her Governor; quite enough to stiffen the resolution of the whole State and quicken the apprehensions of five others. It was to clear up the general situation, baldly and too briefly outlined here, that the Denver Conference was called.

One of the omitted items relates to the use of water by landowners in Mexico below the State lines. The general usage of waters for irrigations in our Southwest follows the old Spanish law of prior use. Landowners in Mexico are now entitled to all the water they are using or can put to beneficial use before the United States takes action by advising them that the remaining flow of the Colorado is about to be impounded for use within the United States. This can hardly take place until an agreement is reached by all the States affected. Thus the flow available for future irrigation north of the international boundary is steadily being diminished by the amount that is increasingly used below the boundary. This makes for urgency in point of time in settling the allocation of interstate waters. But as it is reported that California capital is invested in these Mexican irrigation schemes, the urgency is greater on the six other States than on California. There are also claims of water users in California for flood and silt protection, but as these are freely conceded by the other States they do not materially affect the problem. And over the whole situation hangs the Swing-Johnson Bill, which California is steadily pressing and all the other States are preparing to resist.

Perhaps this is the time to mention a factor that is definitely operative, and singularly unaccounted for: a widespread disposition on the part of the press to minimize and definitely to misrepresent the situation. Even while the present conference was in session many newspapers throughout the country carried reports of its proceedings which were explicitly contradicted by the facts. Such misrepresentative reports reaching citizens of the seven States unable to come into more direct relation to the facts will undoubtedly affect the reaction of those States to their own problems. The general implications of the reports in question were, first of all, that the Swing-Johnson Bill is more certain to pass than anyone is at present warranted in assuming; and, secondly, that the responsibility for the failure of agreement rests primarily on Arizona. One never quite knows whether the American press means anything by its freely expressed biases, or whether it is simply not sufficiently interested to form an intelligent opinion. If that is the case, it is much the worse for the American people, for what really transpired at the conference was the swing of the whole subject away from a two-State contest to a national policy.

There was no question that the five States already contented with their allocation of waters had met to hear out the matter of the other two with sympathy and without rancor. The details of the discussion would hardly interest a public unacquainted with "acre-feet" and "miners' inches." At the end of the discussion a committee of the governors of the four upper basin States was appointed to effect such compromise as was thought advisable. To the compromise thus proposed Arizona finally consented. And in the end California still stood out for a larger share, the exact amount of which would mean nothing to the uninitiated. For possible beneficiaries of either the Arizona or the California contention, there are the printed statements of each side. But for the country at large there are far more serious considerations than the matter of a few hundred thousand acre-feet of water for irrigation. As a matter of executive convenience at the conference, an effort was made to keep these larger factors in the background of the earlier meetings. But when the conference reconvenes on November 7, the real problem of the Colorado must be faced.

To understand it in its national implications, it must be realized that the Colorado basin is the United States' last

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large-sized opportunity for peaceable territorial expansion. For a territory the size of the republic of France all Europe would gladly permit itself to be torn to tatters. It is a goodly land, immensely varied in climate, topography, mineral wealth, and crop possibilities. It has in an unusual degree the new and imperfectly estimated possibility of hydroelectric power. It has the beginnings of a strongly marked regional culture. It beckons from every hill and valley with the last opportunity for the rise of a superior English-speaking culture within the territory of the United States. Should the Swing-Johnson Bill pass and California have her way, or even the dominant position in the distribution of benefits, many of these opportunities would pass away forever from the people of the United States. Probably, outside of Arizona, this is only half realized even by the people whose immediate future is at stake.

Let me not be misunderstood as imputing any special iniquity to Southern California in making every effort to secure the advantage of her own territory. It is the tradition of American expansions that we should tussle over our natural advantages and the devil take the hindermost. While our resources seemed practically unlimited it was useless to try for a more considered and far-looking method of dealing with them. But this adventure of the Southwest can never happen again. What will happen if she has her way is that Southern California will continue for a time her phenomenal material expansion. She will produce more of the same thing in the same limited district of the identical limited type of what goes by the name of "prosperity." And large areas of Arizona capable of producing not only the same thing that Southern California produces, but other things and more of them, will remain forever undeveloped. There is practically no agricultural development in the Southwest without water; and owing to factors of climate and soil formation water will go further in Arizona than in the parts of California where it is proposed to use the waters of the Colorado. It can also be done more cheaply in Arizona than by lifting the water out of its natural basin over the divide onto the California coastal plain.

This is the first, but only one item. There are unhappy possibilities among the six remaining States, of other struggles for the remainder of the river's possibilities, of opposing inter-State interests, instead of the unified development of an intramontaine culture such as is suggested by the natural configuration of the land. And there is the beginning of the usurpation of State control by the federal Government, and the exposing of natural resources unreservedly to political intrigue rather than the checks of private enterprise which have so far regulated such matters in the United States. The beginning is inauspicious for those who favor federal control of natural resources, for no way of arguing the Swing-Johnson Bill can make it seem other than the rape of the natural resources of one State *against that State's consent*, for the advantage of another State. There is no manner of doubt that, unanimously as California seems to be fighting *for* the Swing-Johnson Bill, Arizona will fight against it, and on constitutional grounds. So that even the convinced advocate of the federalization of such control must see that the forcing of Arizona's hand would heavily prejudice the whole project of federalization.

That the people of the United States must eventually face this possibility, this closing of the doors of individual enterprise, this sharp regional struggle for portable advantages, we have all known. The real question is, Are we ready to face it now and on this layout? It must not be forgotten that there is an international factor involved, and that the Colorado River is not the only source of water for irrigation divided between the United States and Mexico. There is also the Rio Grande, with the two growing States of Texas and New Mexico having somewhat differing interests. This international situation has not yet got beyond the reach of reasonably diplomatic control. But it does afford, in the possibility of a protracted struggle among the Southwestern States, an easy loophole of advantage for Mexico.

These are the most salient aspects of the situation being dealt with in the conference of governors and their advisers at Denver. There is probably no one at that conference who does not fully realize the national reach of the problem and its almost fatalistic relation to the American future. The one thing most needed to aid them in coming to decisions which will have the good of the country in full regard, is that the country itself should awake to a proper share of its own interest.

In the Driftway

THE Principessa Mafalda! The name staring at the Drifter from the first pages of the newspapers brings back memories of a good many years ago when he first saw this steamship in the docks of Buenos Aires. She was then the undisputed queen of the European-South American fleet. Today she is a mass of mangled wreckage off the coast of Brazil.

* * * * *

WHEN the Drifter first saw the Principessa Mafalda she was a comparatively new addition to the fleet of the Lloyd Italiano, and had no rival among the craft entering the River Plate. There is no vessel entering New York harbor today which enjoys such a supremacy, and perhaps there never has been. Half a dozen or more liners which steam regularly in and out of the North River dispute with one another for first place. The Mauretania still holds the blue ribbon for speed, but in size she is scarcely more than a minnow beside the great Majestic or Leviathan, while in luxury of appointments the new Ile de France is now the talk of Park Avenue. No one entering New York harbor can say condescendingly: "I'm the queen of the waterfront. Stand by and watch my wake."

* * * * *

THE Principessa Mafalda could. She was the first eighteen-knot vessel to enter the South American service and for years hadn't even a near competitor. The nearest to this speed was offered by the Hamburg South American Line, which had one or two ships that could log sixteen knots. The spoiled transatlantic traveler may be disposed to pooh-pooh such speeds as inconsequential beside the progress to which he is accustomed. But if he has traveled anywhere else except between Europe and the United States he knows that sixteen sea miles an hour is fast, that twelve or fourteen is more common, and that eighteen is an exceptional speed which only a large, steady passenger traffic—capable of paying high fares—can make possible. The Mafalda used to whisk her passengers over the 6,500 miles from Buenos Aires to Barcelona in fourteen days, with a stop or so en route. In another day an ex-

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press train landed them in Paris, the goal of all smart Argentinos. And the Mafalda was not only fast; she was luxurious too. Her name was a household word, at least on the lips of all the elite who turned out for the afternoon parade through the fashionable shopping district of the Calle Florida or sipped the most wonderful coffee in the world in the sidewalk cafes of the spacious Avenida de Mayo.

* * * * *

THE docks of B. A. (as the English call Buenos Aires) are in some ways the most interesting in the world. Certainly they are the most concentrated. They are not spread out over miles and miles as in New York and London. The view of the ships is not shut off by great sheds and warehouses. At the time of the Drifter's visit, at least, the docks were rectangular basins with ships moored against all sides, the warehouses far enough back so as to leave a generous passage-way all round. At some places ships were ranged three or four deep along the dock sides. The Drifter has never seen any other port where one can get such an eyeful of shipping in so small a compass.

* * * * *

IT was in one of those docks that the Drifter first—and last—saw the Principessa Mafalda. He was impressed at once by the extent of what sailors would call her top hamper. That is, there was a great deal of structure above her main deck; it rose so high as to make her appear top-heavy. She would have been except for plenty of ballast along the keel. She had been built simultaneously with a sister ship. The sister never reached South America. She was not sufficiently ballasted at the time of her launching in Italy, turned turtle when she slid off the ways, and was abandoned as a total loss.

* * * * *

THE Drifter had always surmised that if the Principessa Mafalda was lost at sea it would be due to foundering in a storm. Fortunately severe storms are not frequent on the route between the Mediterranean and the River Plate and the ship came to another end. Not such a bad one either except for the tragic loss of life in connection with the accident. The vessel had seen a score of years of service. She had lately been supplanted in speed and apparently was no longer fashionable. It is better to be torn asunder quickly and buried in the salt Atlantic than to live to be sent to the scrap-heap. The ocean is warm and tranquil in the equatorial belt off the city of Bahia, yet fanned day and night by strong and steady trade winds. It should be snug lying there for the Principessa Mafalda.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Only Dogs

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Are you exclusively anthropophilist, or have you an inch or two for the rights and wrongs of our poor relations? There's something closely (to my thinking) related in the inhumanity of man to beast and that of man to man.

A pregnant female terrier, at Western Reserve Medical School, had the adrenals removed, and in the end, "within an hour," say the experimenters, "she had three yelling spells. . . . At 1:30 p. m. unchanged, yelling fits from time to time . . . tetanic spasms; at 6 p. m. coma and convulsions at intervals. At 6:45 p. m. she was found dead. . . . One pup had been expelled . . . another was bulging from the vagina. . . ."

This was "Dog 1137."

The 74 control dogs all died within 15 days. The 30 pregnant ones lived much longer. A bull terrier held out for six weeks.

The article is in the *American Journal of Physiology* for January, 1927. It is called "The Influence of Pregnancy Upon the Survival Period in Adrenalectonized Dogs."

Manchester, Vermont, September 21 SARAH N. CLEGHORN

Concentrated Control

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Intensive solicitation by banks for trust business is steadily increasing the amount of the property of the middle class held in trust by these banks—either by devise or living trust. If the process keeps on will not *all* the wealth of America soon be in control of the few?

Chicago, September 28 HARRY G. WEXLER

Another View of Brandeis

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have no desire to prolong the Brandeis discussion. But Norman Hapgood in his apology for his hero's action in the Sacco-Vanzetti case neglects to take notice of the fact that this was but one of a number of similar failures—the Don Stephens case, wherein he joined in upholding the Conscription Act, *in spite of the Thirteenth Amendment*; the Debs case, wherein he concurred in upholding the Espionage Act in spite of the First Amendment; and the Whitney case, wherein he concurred in another violation of constitutionally guaranteed rights. Mr. Hapgood speaks of "the obligation of a judge not to usurp power." This alleged obligation in the Sacco case can be construed as nothing else than an obligation to allow a murder to be committed. And these other cases dealt with clear violations of the Constitution which required no usurpation of power to check. It was a violation of duty to let them stand unchallenged.

Baltimore, October 17 SAMUEL DANZIGER

Justice in Hell

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When Bob Ingersoll was asked to intercede with Governor Oglesby in behalf of the Chicago anarchists he replied: "It's no use—Oglesby wants to be governor again. Besides, every politician is a prostitute." When Bob reached hell he found the place so full of politicians that an apology was demanded. Bob claimed certain rights which are constitutional in hell; the right to a trial by a jury imported from heaven. The jury was composed of Socrates, Jesus, Bruno, Joan of Arc, Raleigh, John Brown, Sacco, Vanzetti, and four other martyrs. This jury brought in a unanimous verdict that Bob had uttered the foulest aspersion on the prostitutes that could be expressed in parliamentary language and owed an apology to them.

Canton, Pa., October 1 JOHN BASIL BARNHILL

Farmers and Pullman Porters

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Everything is comparative. Farm laborers average well under forty dollars a month for ten-hour days of semi-skilled hard manual labor. Farm owners average only about seventy-five. To such, Pullman porters, receiving a "pitiful $72.50" minimum wage exclusive of an average $56 per month in tips, must appear a "privileged class."

TRESCOTT T. ABELE

Tommyrot Farm, Townsend Harbor, Mass., Sept. 20

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Books and Plays

To the Impatient Revolutionist

By JOHN WALDHORN GASSNER

In the stillness of dark maple
Came the voice to me singing
Of the noise that shall be:
Of the dissolution,
Of the tempestuous end.

I who sit comfortably in my rocking-chair
In the small white porch of my sleep
Will find no weapon sharp enough to slay.
Nothing will suffice me—grown awake—
Nothing stand the trip-hammer of my hate so well
As one large lever cast of human hands—
Till down the adamant deeps
After mad rushing
Splinters our smudged ball. . . .

Laugh and smirk not, you fragmentary clouds
Of a moment's frisking,
If in a silence far from you
I who grow the thunder
Sag high and gather blackness.

Ivy Lee on Russia

USSR (Union of Soviet Socialist Republics), A World Enigma. By Ivy L. Lee. Privately Printed.

THIS is my second day on a southbound train from Moscow. One can travel five days, ten days in the same direction in the Soviet Union. Soon I will be on the mysterious Ukrainian steppe. Two riders race across the black-soil field on the right. I see a tractor; but also a mud hut; thatched roofs; peasants spitting sunflower seeds at stations; passengers running for free boiled water as we frequently stop.

Yesterday, I spent the day in the coupe with a Moscow University professor. A tax collector got on and off and talked. A student discussed America and told the professor what the youth thought in Russia. At Kurusk a worker joined us. He had repaired locomotives on the Chinese Eastern Railway. Now he was coming from the neighborhood communal farm where he repaired their tractors. He talked like a red-hot Communist though he did not adhere to the party. From him I learned how the common laborer in the ranks looks at the Stalin-Trotzky controversy.

And when there are no interesting fellow-passengers I read Ivy Lee on the USSR. Brave man to write on Russia after a ten days' visit to the country. Foolish man to believe that Rykov, Radek, Tomsky, Litvinov, etc., can tell him what is the revolution, what are the policies of the government, what are the ways of the people, what are the attitudes of the masses.

The book is politically fair more or less—but so poor in material and in diction! It is not even a good piece of journalism. There are a few glaring errors and many mistakes. It is not true, for instance, that correspondents in Moscow must submit their mail articles to a censor and, failing that, are liable to expulsion. Unlike Gaul, the Communist Party is *not* divided into three sections. Ivy Lee's explanation of the Opposition is as incorrect as it is naive. His chapter on Lenin and Leninism is laughable. It is well enough to write these things, but I do hope Mr. Lee himself does not imagine he understands Trotzky's position on foreign capital, or Stalin's views on the permanent revolution, or Lenin's fundamental philosophy. Also, it is a grave misconception to say that "All business in Russia which is not done either directly or indirectly by the government is done through 'concessionnaires.'" What about private traders and private manufacturers? This is the danger of turning out books on the basis of a week-end to week-end stay in the capital only of a tremendous nation. People have so little sense of responsibility toward the printed word.

Pages 113 to 156 constitute the only part of the book an intelligent man can read with a little profit, and only the last chapter is reminiscent of the old Ivy Lee. The author's conclusions are three: (1) "The present Soviet regime is there to stay." (2) Backward Russia is making progress toward a new life. (3) The tendency is away from communism and socialism to capitalism.

What must Russia do, according to Ivy Lee? His answer is, "Establish a reputation of good faith" by recognizing and paying Czarist and Kerensky debts probably; scrap the Third International; "establish real freedom of thought, action, and belief."

The chief problem, then, is to drive "a wedge between the Communist International and the Russian people"—who "as a people are all right."

In conclusion, "The dilemma which faces civilization is this: How to draw Russia toward the West, to cure the disease of Bolshevism, and to avert the menace of revolutionary Asia." The Standard Oil's publicity man, we all know, would solve the dilemma by buying Soviet petroleum and entering into trade relations and perhaps political relations with the Soviet state.

I do not see, however, why an apologist of business interests need be so roundabout in getting at the real point. You do not want to trade with Russia in order to save Europe—if Europe is worth saving—from the menace of Asiatic Bolshevism, but simply because trade may prove very profitable. The rest is simply barrage. The existence of the Communist International will no more prevent the Vacuum Oil or the Socony from dealing with Moscow than it did Harriman, or Lena Goldfields. What you must have is a tempting contract.

LOUIS FISCHER

Russian Nightmare

A Prince of Outlaws. By Count Alexis K. Tolstoy. Translated by Clarence A. Manning. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

RUSSIA'S tempestuous life during the latter half of the sixteenth century had a tremendous fascination for Count Alexis Tolstoi, and his major creative work was the interpretation of this period to a generation which, under the veneer of nineteenth-century civilization, had the same characteristics and suffered the same evils. First in the order of writing, as well as in historical sequence, was the novel "Prince Serébryany," now made available to English readers as "A Prince of Outlaws"; then followed the vastly superior trilogy of plays, "The Death of Ivan the Terrible," "Czar Feodor Ivanovich," introduced to America by the Moscow Art Theater, and "Czar Boris."

It has been the custom of literary historians and other cataloguers to classify this novel as an historical romance; and to write an historical romance was probably the author's original intention. But it was an intention never achieved because Count Tolstoi was too intensely stirred by his material to accept the detachment and the limitations of fiction. Quite aside from the crudities and uncertainties inevitable in the work of a novice there is an authorial intrusion here which betrays that he had determined to sacrifice the effects of his medium for the effectiveness of his message.

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Writing his belated preface in 1863, Tolstoi naively announced:

> In his description of the terrors of that age the author has constantly been kinder than history. From respect for the artistic and moral sensibilities of his readers he has cast a shadow upon all of them and has kept them as far as possible in the background. Nevertheless he confesses that as he read the historical sources for this period, the books have more than once fallen from his hands and he has thrown down his pen in anger, not from the thought that Ivan IV could exist but from the thought that a society could exist which could look at him without dissatisfaction. This heavy feeling constantly disturbed the objectivity necessary to an historical work and was one of the reasons why this novel begun more than ten years ago has just been completed.

And when he did not throw his pen down Tolstoi used it to moralize upon the iniquity of his villains.

The faint resemblance of "Prince Serébryany" to such genuine historical romances as the products of Scott, Dumas, and Hugo lies in a love affair that is as extraneous to the plot as the romantic name which the translation substitutes for the original title. But to say that there is more history than romance in this work is in no way a reflection on its vital interest. Ivan the Terrible's sadist companions and savage victims, his incongruous indulgence and asceticism were the elements of a national nightmare. And their maniacal extremes and vast significance have a magnetic attraction of immense force even when, to Americans, the entire story will seem precisely like a frightful fantasy of improbable horrors despite the obvious verity of Tolstoi's details and the matter-of-fact stolidity of the translator's English.

JOHAN SMERTENKO

Propaganda Value

Right Off the Map. By C. E. Montague. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

MR. MONTAGUE'S literary productions and particularly his most recent one are of peculiar interest in that they reveal with a nice clarity the impact of the late lamentable war upon a highly intelligent but slightly naive mind. Some time ago, and obviously as a result of personal experience, Mr. Montague learned what a careful reading of any sound economic textbook would have revealed to him: that modern wars are inevitably produced by selfish economic interests. He also learned that the war spirit is always induced by a combination of machiavellian propaganda and self-deceiving sentimentalism and that the gallant military tradition is either soft-headed idiocy or pap manufactured to satisfy the romanticism of the masses. There are a number of unpleasant souls who are so smart that they know all this intuitively, from their cradles; for them, to use Mr. Montague's phrase, there is no "disenchantment" because there has never been any "enchantment." But it is true enough that these hard-heads are a vain and useless crowd; they have long ago, with a supine and possibly inexcusable irony, abandoned the struggle to make these staring facts about war clear to the good citizens of their country.

From these disagreeably bored sophisticates "Right Off the Map" will exact an hour or two of amused attention (for Mr. Montague writes extremely well)—and an eventual yawn. But for those who are both intelligent and innocent (the spiritual state, it would seem, of so many "decent" university Englishmen today) this satire on war and its makers may very well have a profoundly enlightening effect. Their eyes will be opened by its characters, perhaps, all the more because those characters are presented with such crude and downright energy. Mr. Montague is too laudably earnest in his crusading to worry about subtilizing his puppets: there is Bute, for example, whose economic ambitions furnish the mainspring for the struggle between Ria and Porto, two technically hypothetical modern states; Bishop Case whose rich and rotund oratory assures his bellicose congregations that Christ came not to bring peace but a sword; Dr. Browell, the romantically militaristic university president who devoutly believes that war is a glorious instrument for elevating mankind far above the petty cares of the everyday materialistic life; Burnage, a liberal newspaper editor whose independence is undermined by his (unconvincing) love for his bored, cruelly aesthetic wife; and Major Willan, gallant and modest soldier of fortune, sure at the beginning that he has found a really just war, wondering, as he approaches his tragic end, whether there is any such thing.

Good counters all of these; a little hard to believe, for they are so terribly stupid that if we did not have our own commonalty right at hand we should find it difficult to imagine any state intrusting its governing to them—but good materials, for all that, simple yet available for all the purposes of effective, if not highly artistic, satire. But Mr. Montague, following the instinct of a competent romancer, had to go to work and spoil his satire—or not so much spoil it, perhaps, as puff it up so that it assumed a vague and distended appearance. Hoping possibly that by sugar-coating the bitter pill he might reach a larger audience he surrounded the hard satiric core of his book with a moving little romance for feminine consumption and a glorious piece of military adventuring for the satisfaction of highly male desires. These two pieces of sentimental intrusion take the edge off the satire; for when we finish the book we are less likely to remember that the Ria-Portan War began with the selfish desires of a certain Mr. Bute, professional capitalist, than that it ended with the sad death of Major Willan, professional hero. When the sugar-coating is too thick the pill may lose its purgative quality. This Major Willan is really so noble and brave and self-sacrificing that one forgets that he is also a fool living on a rotten romantic tradition. It will not do to fall in love with him, as the author occasionally does himself, for wars are made not only by captains of industry but by romantic idiots, highly sexed neurotic women, and other over-agreeble creatures.

Despite which, "Right Off the Map" is a laudable piece of rough and ready satire on modern war, written with sparkle and energy and bluff honesty. It has a high propaganda value and should be circulated widely. Considered as a novel (in this case a matter of minor importance) it is a little too naive in outlook and miscellaneous in structure to take very lofty rank.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Rozanov

Solitaria, Together with Matter from The Apocalypse of Our Time. By V. V. Rozanov. Translated from the Russian by S. S. Koteliansky. Boni and Liveright. $4.

"WHISPERS," "sighs," "half thoughts, half feelings," "fragments of sound coming straight from the soul, without elaboration, without purpose, without premeditation, without anything external," jotted down by the author, anywhere, at any time—in a railway carriage, while bathing, while examining coins, in bed at night, on the sole of a slipper—and gathered into a volume of delicate beauty—this is "Solitaria." With the appearance of this book the American reader is for the first time brought soul to soul with Rozanov, one of the most enigmatic and disputed personalities in Russian literature.

Inordinate praise and bitter condemnation have been this writer's lot ever since he first appeared in Russian letters in the early nineties of the last century. While writers like Strakhov, Merezhkovsky, Gippius, Khovin, and Filosofov have acclaimed him as a "great man," a "seer," a "genius," a "most complex psychological phenomenon" to whom ordinary human criteria were not in the least applicable, there have been others (Biely, Trotzky, Struve, and the whole of revolutionary Russia) who saw in him nothing but a "wriggling, slippery, sticky worm," a "vile creature," a "swindler," and a "fool."

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Indifferent to what the world thought of him, Rozanov in his estimate of himself whimsically agreed with both sides in the controversy:

> I may be a "fool" (there are rumors), perhaps even a "swindler" (there is gossip to that effect), but the *width* of thought, the *incommensurability* of "horizons revealed"—no one has had that before me in the way I possess it. And all of it came from my own mind, without borrowing an iota even. Wonderful. I am simply a wonderful man.

But even Rozanov's friends had to admit that, on the whole and judged by ordinary human standards, his conduct was that of a rascal and a knave. A man without principles, a sycophant, a lickspittle, an amphibian, he did not hesitate to pose as an avowed reactionary or a revolutionist, Judophile or anti-Semite, hater of Christ or devout Christian, as circumstances seemed to demand. He even managed, under assumed names, to defend simultaneously, and apparently with equal zest and sincerity, two incompatible opinions in two diametrically opposed journals. To many he appeared lewd and coarse. Gippius, one of his admirers, remarks that Rozanov's frequent references to various natural functions often carried with them a haunting exhibitionist suggestiveness. To ascetic revolutionists and austere Christians his dithyrambs on sex, his persistent exaltation of that instinct and its functions to the heights of a mystical religion and ritual, appeared especially repellent. However, the thing that aroused the ire of most people was Rozanov's brazen nonchalance. He boasted:

> I am not yet such a scoundrel as to think of morality. A million years passed before my soul was let out into the world to enjoy it; and how can I suddenly say to her: "Don't forget yourself, darling, but enjoy yourself in a moral fashion." No, I say to her: "Enjoy yourself, darling, have a good time, my lovely one, enjoy yourself, my precious, enjoy yourself in any way you please. And toward evening you will go to God." For my life is my day, and it is my day, and not Socrates's or Spinoza's. . . . It is surprising how I managed to accommodate myself to *falsehood*. It has never worried me. And for this odd reason: "What business is it of yours what precisely I think? Why am I *obliged* to tell you my real thoughts?" My profound subjectivity (the pathos of subjectivity) has had this effect that I have gone through my whole life as though behind a curtain, untearable, irremovable. "Nobody dares touch that curtain."

We shudder: "What cynicism!" "Cynicism through *suffering*—did it ever occur to you?" whispers Rozanov almost inaudibly. And nothing is quite so touching, so stirring, so seductive as Rozanov's intimate whispers, not even those of Dostoevski. In those cryptic, passionate outcries of his soul one catches vague, fleeting intimations of another, perhaps the "real," the "noumenal," Rozanov, of him whose "head was rocking in the sky," and in whose soul "there always was a monastery," of him who was "interwoven of dirt, tenderness, and sadness," and who through "sin got to know everything, and through sin (repentance) was related to everything on earth," of the poor, distorted creature who never knew whether he was "something or nothing" and who "longed for nothing so much as for *humiliation*" and the resulting "radiance of soul" and "highest spiritual illumination."

Devil or angel? Both. Two polarities, two abysses, two utterly irreconcilable principles. A fantastic personality in a fantastic milieu.

"Fallen leaves," said Rozanov of his "Solitaria." Yes, fallen leaves. . . . Leaves fallen off a strange, misshapen, shattered tree that stood brooding over the boundary line of two inimical worlds, its roots sunk deep in the poisonous mire of decadence, its bare branches piercing the sky, hopelessly straining for the last pale, mystic kisses of a dying sun, its fallen leaves caught up by the roaming, hooligan winds of the Russian steppes and carried over mountains and across oceans to the four far corners of the earth.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

H. M. Tomlinson

The Foreshore of England, or Under the Red Ensign. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper and Brothers. $3.

Gallions Reach. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

"THE Foreshore of England" is a powerful picture of Great Britain as the author sees that kingdom from the point of vantage he has taken down along the waterfront. The book is an economic study, yet it is stated in human terms, for Mr. Tomlinson sees something far more important in an economic survey than pounds sterling and bills of lading. The author knows the foreshore of his country. He is intimately familiar with the harbors and quays, and he knows, equally well, the neglected slums that invariably cling to the waterfront of every port. It is with a foreground of ships and quays and waterfront slums that he discusses Britain's economic problems, and occasionally, through a rift in the fog of difficulties that hangs over the merchant marine and the trade of the Mistress of the Seas, Mr. Tomlinson is able to see a remarkably clear picture of the difficulties that face his country.

For those interested in Great Britain's problems "The Foreshore of England" is a clear and sane discussion worthy of the closest scrutiny. Such a book would be a credit to any author, and in that respect it goes hand in hand with Mr. Tomlinson's earlier work. The surprise is all the greater, then, when this able author presents the world with such a book as "Gallions Reach"—his first novel.

In it is told the story of James Colet of London, who, having disagreed with his employer, strikes the man only to see him fall dead immediately—of heart disease, apparently. Colet spends the night aimlessly wandering about the city, and early the following morning finds himself at Gallions Reach—a waterfront section along the Thames. He boards a ship in order to do a favor for her captain who is ashore, and the ship sails with him aboard when the captain sends word that he has decided to join the vessel at Plymouth. Colet frankly admits to the First Officer what he has done, and is invited by that person, as if such an invitation after such an admission were purely a matter of course, to stay on the vessel during her voyage to the East. When the captain comes aboard the story is retold and the reaction is the same. This accomplished, Colet, for most of the rest of the book, seems to dismiss from his mind the fact that he has been responsible for his employer's death. The ship sinks in a storm and Colet, rescued, goes on a prospecting trip into the Malayan jungles. Then he tries to help a learned and absent-minded ethnologist cross the peninsula. Finally he makes his way through to Penang and there announces his purpose of returning to London in order to lay his employer's "miserable ghost," which seems to have troubled him very little indeed throughout the course of the story.

A first novel is likely to have its weaknesses, and this one is no exception to the rule. Three or four revealing incidents suggest that there is really a character hiding behind Colet's name, but no reader of the book can possibly feel that he has any idea of what Colet might do under any given set of circumstances. Nor is the story any more complete. As to the descriptions—only here and there is there a paragraph, a sentence, a phrase which suggests that it really is Mr. Tomlinson writing.

That the author knows the sea is apparent—sometimes. Yet his description of the storm in which the Altair sinks is anything but convincing, quite aside from the fact that it is filled with nautical inaccuracies and impossibilities. A loose rope end is described as "resting straight on the wind as rigid as an iron bar." The captain, who at one moment is described as an exceptionally able sailor, permits himself to go down with his ship in the most landlubberly and unnecessary fashion.

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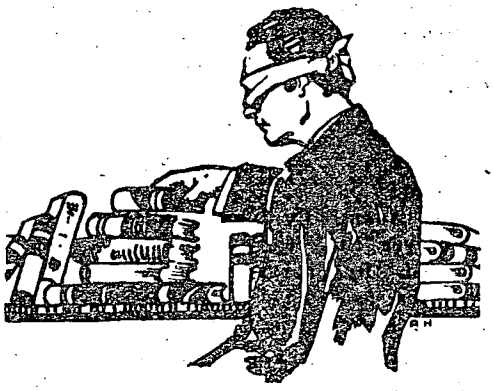

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Extraordinary things are done at the height of the storm with a lifeboat, in which, quite contrary to nautical practice, both the First and the Third officers accompany their men and make a preposterous but apparently successful attempt to repair something in the vicinity of the rudder. Nor is his jungle greatly more convincing than his sea.

Novels, of course, may be designed to serve any of a number of purposes, but it is difficult to see what end is furthered by this one. It is merely another first novel, and not at all a good one. HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Three Poets

Branches of Adam. By John Gould Fletcher. London: Faber and Gwyer, Ltd. 6s.

The Pyramid. By Sherard Vines. London: Richard Cobden-Sanderson. 5s.

Copper Sun. By Countee Cullen. Harper and Brothers. $2.

SO disparate are the approaches of Messrs. Fletcher, Vines, and Cullen to the poetic substance of their thought (which in the first two, at least, is a decided philosophic adumbration) that they may well be put forward as representative of certain urges permeating contemporary poetry. Mr. Fletcher, in "Branches of Adam," is intent on a larger and more impersonal gesture than that of most of the young men. In a loose, cadenced verse he retells from a new angle the most powerful of myths—that of man's creation, his fall, and the introduction of evil into the world. Of course, he draws an implication from it: that good depends on evil and evil on good and that civilization could not exist if it were altogether good. The ghost of Bernard Mandeville hovers outside the door here. Mr. Fletcher, it is to be suspected, is spiritually disturbed about God. His poem, as a whole, fails because the philosophical concept is not sufficiently fused with the poetic flare to make it worth while. There is more vigor and distinguished intelligence manifested in "Branches of Adam" than poetic inspiration. This intense desire to convince oneself of Godhead (what Mr. Fletcher calls "the ultimate unchangeable value which exists in each one of us") is certainly a part of the travail of the modern poet.

The anfractuosities of Mr. Sherard Vines are also concerned with a philosophical reaction to life, to modern life. "The Pyramid," with its fastidious modernities, its employment of scientific terms, its faint aura of Mr. T. S. Eliot, is a book that both fails and succeeds. It fails because it is too self-conscious; it succeeds because it reveals a distinct personality. Mr. Vines is walking in The Waste Land and a certain desolation hovers over him, but he faces his times a trifle preciously. He suggests a sophisticate in a silk hat. Yet there is indubitable color, a restrained current of steadily moving passion, an ingenious agility in imageries, and an implied irony that stamp his work with individuality. He, too, is representative of an urge in modern poetry, that urge which smiles both bitterly and ironically at its own disillusionment and cages its vaster aches in the preciosities of an intensely conscious style. So far as surface mannerisms go there are moments when Mr. Vines suggests the Sitwells (My Lady Edith, most of all) but this may be forgiven him.

Mr. Cullen, in "Copper Sun," continues to be good but not so good that there is not crying need for improvement. He is less broadly concerned with philosophical approaches to his times, but this is understandable in a young Negro poet of immediate personal reactions. There is naivete in his work, a love of color, an inborn lyric impulse. Although his thought is neither profound nor set forth with any striking individuality, there is an evident sincerity about him that is "taking." Best of all, he can forget that he is of the colored race and be just "poet" most of the time. It seems to me that the future of the Negro in literature, his equality with white writers, depends somewhat on this power of forgetting that one must be a Negro first of all, and a writer in the second place. Few white poets (Mr. Kipling, perhaps) constantly harp on the evident fact that they are white. Why should the Negro insist that he is black? The spirit of his work will reveal his race without his reiterating it constantly. Which, after all, opens up a field for argument from which I back away gracefully. HERBERT GORMAN

Books in Brief

The Works of Ben Jonson. Edited by C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson. Oxford University Press. Volume III. $7.

The third volume of this magnificent edition initiates the long series of plays, masques, and miscellaneous writings which will, when completed, occupy five volumes of the entire edition, three more instalments being planned, to contain a commentary. In thus adopting the arrangement of which Skeat's "Chaucer" is the most familiar example (i. e., of separating the commentary from the text) the editors offer little matter for discussion in a review; for the plays themselves are too well known to require comment of an appreciative sort and before estimating the contribution of the editors in its entirety we must wait for the three concluding volumes. At the time of the appearance of volumes I and II ("Ben Jonson: The Man and His Work") we devoted ample space to commendation of this undertaking. It is familiarly known that Jonson's plays are textually the most nearly accurate of any body of Elizabethan dramas. Unlike almost all his contemporaries Jonson expended great pains upon the publication of his plays, regarding them not merely as ephemeral entertainments but as a permanent part of literature. The editors are thus spared much of the toil of "establishing" the text; but there are innumerable "variant readings," due to the dramatist's own care in correction and revision; and the recording of these with the minute accuracy required by modern scholarship has been an immense labor—a labor not without profit, however, even to the non-academic reader, since it shows the dramatist in his very workshop, altering this phrase, polishing this metaphor, revising this scene, all in the interest of a nearer approach to his ideal of perfection. And even Jonson's text is not perfect. He was not (or at any rate very rarely) at the mercy of piratical publishers, as was Shakespeare; but the imperfect state of the printing trade in his day left a legacy of many misprints which Gifford was the first to attempt to eliminate. The present editors, while owing much to Gifford, have produced a better text, probably as nearly "definitive" as is possible.

Southen Albania or Northern Epirus in European International Affairs, 1912-1923. By Edith Pierpont Stickney. Stanford University Press. $2.50.

Miss Stickney's book deals only with a fragment of the Albanian question. It is an account of the diplomatic litigation between Albanian nationalism and Greek irredentism over the southern boundaries of Albania and the fate of a population of less than 200,000. It gives a clear, exhaustive, and scrupulously fair account of the various phases of the dispute from 1913 to 1922; but does not quite succeed in presenting it in its relation to the general European situation from which it derived a significance disproportionate to its intrinsic merits. For, after all, it was very largely Sir Edward Grey's eagerness to placate Italy and Austria-Hungary in the interests of general peace that inspired the pro-Albanian verdict of the Conference of Ambassadors in 1913; and the virtual confirmation of that verdict by the Council of Ambassadors and the League of Nations in 1921-1922 was due at least as much to the desire of the dominant European Powers to remove another danger spot in the Balkans as to the strict merits of the Albanian case. A generous supply of accurate maps and an exhaustive bibliography help to make the book very useful to the student of international relations.

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Labor and Politics in England. 1850-1867. By Frances Elmar Gillespie. Duke University Press. $4.

Dr. Gillespie here presents an intensive study of the social and economic activities leading up to the enfranchisement of the English working classes. Taking her start from the collapse of Chartism, she shows, by a skilful weaving of evidence from innumerable published and unpublished sources, the operation of the two new potent ideas which Chartism left in the working-class movement. The first was the recognition of the need of political power to help in the economic struggle. The second was the new motive which a sense of justice and of the moral dignity of labor contributed to the movement, which two generations later was to take a socialistic shape and color. The difficult and delicate work of welding together the activities of the middle-class liberals and the trade unionists for political purposes involves Dr. Gillespie in a very intricate research. Her book is not for the popular reader, but the serious student of the democratic movement will find it full of use and interest.

India's Past. A Survey of Her Literatures, Religions, Languages, and Antiquities. By A. A. Macdonnell. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

The emeritus professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, known for fifty years as a distinguished laborer in his field, gives us here a rapid survey of India's intellectual life from the earliest times down to the arrival of Vasco da Gama on the Malabar coast in 1498. He touches upon religion, art, and language, but allots most of his space to literature, especially that in Sanskrit, of which he wrote a brief history many years ago. As a guide to the study of native Hindu culture, as distinguished from the imported Mohammedan, the book is useful although in no sense complete, while those who wish to read further on any special phase of Indian civilization will find satisfactory references in the brief bibliographical notes appended to the separate chapters. The book is not intended to advance knowledge, but rather to summarize it, and in this respect accomplishes its purpose.

A Pageant of India. By Adolf Waley. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

It is hard to tell for just whom this book is meant. It adds nothing to scholarship, is not a history according to the modern conception of that science, nor is it fiction. Perhaps the group of people who could use it to greatest advantage would be tourists who want to know about the events and persons connected with points of interest in India, but here the publishers have let the author down by not giving him an adequate index. The book is almost exclusively a narrative of political events, based on a few good authorities, but neglecting others that should have been consulted, not amplified by social and economic description nor adorned, except rarely, with reference to literary and artistic achievement and religious development, uneven in its treatment of the characters it presents (as only 10 pages to Asoka against 88 to Akbar), yet often redeemed by a gift for story-telling. The possession of this last quality possibly explains Mr. Waley's predilection for the romantic tales he has culled from translations of the old Rajput bards and the medieval Mohammedan romances.

Modern Russian Composers. By Leonid Sabaneyeff. Translated from the Russian by Judah A. Joffe. International Publishers. $2.75.

This book begins with Taneieff, Scriabin, and Rachmaninoff, and ends with the composers of the revolution. It is written with apparent sensitiveness, discernment, and perspective, and is therefore enjoyable and profitable; nevertheless it must be read with the discrimination born of acquaintance with the various composers' music. For sometimes the author develops an idea beyond the corresponding development of the musical facts it supposedly accounts for; and sometimes, therefore, he errs in judgment.

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Drama

Petruchio in Modern Dress

TWO seasons ago Mr. Basil Sydney played Hamlet in a business suit, and now that he and Mary Ellis are at the head of their own company at the Garrick Theater he is undertaking to interpret the role of Petruchio with a gray derby upon his head. The resulting production of "The Taming of the Shrew" ("in modern dress") is the most thoroughly delightful one that I, at least, have ever seen, but I am still somewhat at a loss to understand just why contemporary costuming should be as conspicuously favorable to an interesting interpretation of Shakespeare as experience with two productions has proved it to be.

There are, to be sure, good abstract reasons to justify the method. Shakespeare, as everybody knows, wrote his plays to be played in the "modern dress" of his day and his Cleopatra was acted in the farthingale and stays of Queen Elizabeth's court. Knowing little and caring less about antiquarianism, he gave to historical personages the habits and ideas as well as the dress of his age and he thought of them as contemporaries in every respect except the accident of time. If the exigencies of the plot demanded that some unfamiliar custom be accepted as a premise then he accepted it without question, but the ignorance of an audience in which deficiency of knowledge was scarcely less conspicuous than liveliness of perception made it unnecessary for him to worry about any mere anachronisms. When we dress his characters up (as the eighteenth century began to do) in historically authentic costumes then we emphasize the fact that neither the language nor the ideas of these characters are historically authentic when, as a matter of fact, historical authenticity is the last thing about which we ought to be thinking. In fancy one can always see the Elizabethan hose protruding from the bottom of Cæsar's toga, and logic might seem to direct that the costume of any Shakespearean character should be that of Shakespeare's own time, since, if the mood and language of his plays correspond to any style of dress, it is rather to that which includes the ruff and the farthingale than to any known to either ancient or modern times.

These reasons, I say, are good enough as such reasons go, but I confess that I am convinced of their cogency only after the fact, and that both in "Hamlet" and in "The Taming of the Shrew" the "modern-dress" productions were far more interesting than I should have anticipated. Even now I am inclined to suspect that the mere matter of costuming is in itself of little account, that we quickly cease to notice the dress at all, and that, in the case of "Hamlet" at least, the magic of the play is so great that even if it were played by actors in no costume at all except that which nature gave them we should forget their nakedness by the time the ghost had made each of our particular hairs to stand on end "like quills upon the fretful porpentine." The real importance of the modern dress seems to lie chiefly in the sense of freedom which it gives to actors and audience alike, in the fact that it effectually banishes that oppressive sense of responsibility which so often makes even the presentation of a Shakespearean comedy a solemn affair. Some contagious pomposity residing in a doublet seems to infect the player who dons it, and in the presence of a robe the spectator seems always in danger of mistaking his seat for a pew. But this frigid awe is put off with the clothes which inspire it, and a Hamlet or Petruchio in trousers seems to feel an ease in the company of his contemporary, Shakespeare, not unlike that which Shakespeare himself felt with characters equally remote from him in time. Certain plays—the Greek for example—require ceremony; they were not treated familiarly even by the people for whom they were written and they must be thought of as solemn rituals; but the Elizabethan drama was a lively, rather informal, affair and the closer it can be brought

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to us, the less pompous it can be made to seem, the nearer we approach its spirit.

Mr. Sydney and Miss Ellis (conspicuously aided by Reginald Bach, whose transformation of Tranio into a hearty cockney is one of the delights of the evening) move easily and gaily through the rapidly moving farce, and the air of modernity which they give it results less from the introduction of such objects as a camera and an electric heater than from the fact that they have realized that the play is neither more nor less realistic now than it was when it was written and that they have accordingly played it in the mood of contemporary extravaganza. Mr. Sydney is merely an energetic and go-ahead young man and Miss Ellis merely a cantankerous young girl who is reduced in the end not to that state of simpering vacuity which is generally taken to be the permanent state of any really nice girl in a Shakespearean play, but merely to the condition of accepting, with some humor, the fact that it is wiser to get along with her husband. There is a touch of mockery in all her submission and there are many humorous subtleties in her entire interpretation. In particular she was greeted by a burst of well-deserved laughter at the moment when, having been violently kissed for the first time, she made her exit with an expression in which indignation seemed to be struggling with a certain surprise that she was not angrier than she found herself to be. It was one of the most intriguing bits of acting seen here this year. Mention should also be made of Madam Ouspenskaya who touches the minor role of Curtis with her usual vividness.

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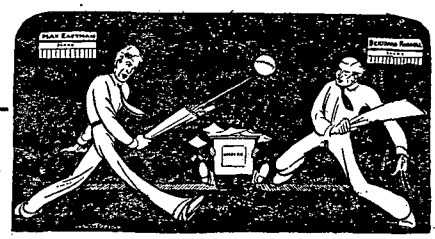

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International Relations Section

A Chronological Record of the Russian Revolution

Before the October Revolution

1917

March 10. General strike declared in Petrograd. Soviet of Workers' Delegates elected.

March 11. Street fighting in Petrograd. The Duma dissolved by a ukase of the Czar.

March 12. The troops of the Petrograd garrison join the people. Czarist ministers arrested. Provisional Revolutionary Committee formed at Moscow.

March 15. The Czar signs his abdication.—Provisional Government formed with Prince Lvov as premier.

March 27. The Petrograd Soviet issues an appeal to all combatants for peace without annexations or indemnities.

April 11. Unofficial conference of the All-Russian Soviet Committees.

April 16. Lenin arrives in Petrograd.

May 1. First free May Day celebration in Russia.—Foreign Minister Miliukov publishes his note pledging Russia's loyalty to the cause of the Allies.

May 4. Numerous protest demonstrations against Miliukov's note.

May 7. All-Russian conference of the Bolshevik Party.

May 15. Miliukov resigns his post.

May 17. All-Russian conference of peasant delegates.—Trotzky and Rakovsky arrive in Petrograd.

May 18. Coalition Government formed with Kerensky as Minister of War.

June 6. First All-Russian Congress of the Soviets.

July 1. Kerensky orders an offensive by the Russian Army.

July 16-17. The "July uprising." Workers in armed demonstrations against the Provisional Government demand an immediate peace and a government of the Soviets.

July 19. German and Austrian armies start a counter-offensive. The Russian front at Tarnopol gives way under pressure.

July 20. The Provisional Government orders the arrest of Lenin, Trotzky, and other Bolshevik leaders.

July 21. Kerensky appointed Prime Minister of the Provisional Government.

August 5. Trotzky and Lunacharsky arrested by the Provisional Government.

September 8. General Kornilov moves his troops against Petrograd and issues an ultimatum to the Provisional Government demanding dictatorial powers for himself. The Kornilov movement speedily put down.

September 14. The Provisional Government proclaims Russia a republic.

September 27. Opening session of the All-Russian Democratic Conference.

October 3. The Moscow Soviet elects its executive committee with a Bolshevik majority.

October 8. The Petrograd Soviet elects its executive committee with a Bolshevik majority. Trotzky elected president of the Soviet.

October 20. Opening session of the Council of the Republic (Pre-Parliament). The Bolshevik delegates withdraw after making a declaration.

October 23. The Central Committee of the Bolshevik Party adopts a resolution calling for an armed uprising against the Provisional Government.

October 29. The Petrograd Soviet creates the Military Revolutionary Committee.

After the October Revolution

November 7. The Second All-Russian Congress of the Soviets proclaims itself the Government of Russia.—The Military Revolutionary Committee directs the fighting against the forces of the Provisional Government.

November 9. The Soviet Government formed. Lenin elected chairman of the Council of People's Commissars.

November 11. Uprising of the military cadets in Petrograd. The uprising is suppressed and the Red Guards occupy the Winter Palace.

November 12. Street fighting in Moscow.

November 15. The fighting in Moscow ends with the complete defeat of Kerensky forces.

December 3. Soviet detachments seize the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies.

December 5. Truce with Germany signed at Brest-Litovsk.

December 7-8. Generals Kornilov, Kaledin, and Dutov start operations against the Soviet power in the south of Russia.

December 16. The Central Rada of the Ukraine permits Cossack regiments from the front to pass through Ukrainian territory to join forces with Kornilov and Kaledin.

December 17. The action of the Ukrainian Rada provokes an ultimatum from the Soviet Government.

December 19. The Kornilov forces are defeated at Belgorod.

December 22. Beginning of peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk.

December 27. The First Ukrainian Congress of the Soviets proclaims itself the Government of the Ukraine.

December 28. The Donetz Basin occupied by the Kornilov forces.

December 31. Finland proclaims its independence of Russia.

1918

January 2. The Council of People's Commissars recognizes the independence of Finland.

January 3. The first revolutionary tribunal is formed.

January 14. An unsuccessful attempt is made to assassinate Lenin.

January 16. The Central Executive Committee of the So[illegible] publishes the Declaration of the Rights of the Wor[illegible]ng People. Russia is proclaimed a Federated Soviet Republic.

January 18. Opening session and dissolution of the Constituent Assembly at Petrograd.

January 21. Soviet forces begin their offensive in the Ukraine.

January 25. The Central Rada proclaims the independence of the Ukraine.

February 2. Workers in Kiev under Bolshevik leadership rise in arms against the Central Rada.

February 6. The Central Rada signs a separate peace with the Central Powers.

February 8. Kiev, the capital of the Ukraine, is taken by the revolutionary forces under command of Muraviov.

February 9. Trotzky, acting as chairman of the Soviet peace delegation at Brest-Litovsk, refuses to sign the terms of peace offered by the Germans and Austrians and declares the suspension of all war activities on the part of the Soviet republics.

February 11. The forces of General Kaledin in the Don region suffer a crushing defeat. Kaledin commits suicide.

February 21. The German armies start a new offensive on the Western (Russian) front.

February 23. The Soviet Government issues a decree for the creation of the Red Army.

February 27. The Council of People's Commissars decides to accept the German peace terms.

March 3. Signing of the Brest-Litovsk peace treaty.

March 4. Suspension of all war activities by order of the Council of People's Commissars.

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March 6-8. The Seventh All-Russian Congress of the Bolshevik Party decides to ratify the Brest-Litovsk peace agreement.—The Congress adopts for the party the name of the Russian Communist Party.
March 9. The British, Italian, and French missions leave Soviet Russia.
March 12. The Government moves to Moscow.
March 15-17. The Fourth Extraordinary All-Russian Congress of the Soviet ratifies the peace agreement of Brest-Litovsk.
March 16. Kiev occupied by the Germans.
April 6. A Japanese landing party occupies Vladivostok. The Germans occupy Kharkov in the Ukraine.
April 10. An armed uprising of Anarchists in Moscow.
April 12. Anarchists in Petrograd are disarmed by the forces of the Government.
April 18. Kornilov forces in the South are routed. Kornilov is killed.
April 20. Germans occupy the Crimea.
April 27. The Ukrainian Central Rada is dissolved by the German occupational authorities. The Congress of Ukrainian landlords in Kiev elects General Skoropadski Hetman of the Ukraine.
May 5. Orenburg is taken by the counter-revolutionary forces of General Dutov.
May 6. Rostov and Taganrog in the Don are occupied by the German and Ukrainian forces.
May 15. An uprising of Anarchists and Right Social Revolutionaries in Tsaritsin.
May 21. Peasant uprisings against the Germans in the provinces of Kharkov and Kherson.
May 25. First skirmishes of the Soviet forces with the Czecho-Slovaks in Siberia.
May 27. The Menshevik Government proclaims the independence of Georgia.
June 3. A provisional Siberian Government is organized by the Right Socialist parties in Novonikolaevsk.
June 30. Decree of the Soviet Government concerning the nationalization of factories and mines.
July 2. Allied forces land in Murmansk.
July 6. German Ambassador Mirbach killed in Moscow by Left Social Revolutionaries. Beginning of the White Guard uprising at Yaroslav.
July 7. Uprising of Left Social Revolutionaries in Moscow.
July 8. Uprising in Moscow suppressed. Left Socialist Revolutionaries disarmed in Petrograd and other cities.
July 10. Congress of the Soviets adopts the Constitution of the RSFSR (Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republics).—Ufa occupied by the Czecho-Slovaks.
July 11. Muraviov betrays the Soviet Government. White Guard uprisings in Arzamas, Rostov, and other cities.
July 16. Ex-Czar Nikolai and family shot in Ekaterinburg.
July 21. The uprising in Yaroslav suppressed.
August 1. Ekaterinburg occupied by the Czecho-Slovaks.
August 5. Archangel occupied by British and French forces. The so-called Northern Government is formed.
August 10. Kazan occupied by the Czecho-Slovaks.
August 30. Second attempt is made to assassinate Lenin. Lenin is wounded by a member of the Right Social Revolutionary Party, Dora Kaplan.
September 2. The Revolutionary War Council of the Republic is created.
September 4. Conspiracy of Allied diplomats and consuls against the Soviet Government disclosed.
September 10. Kazan is retaken by the Red Army. The Council of People's Commissars adopts a decision initiating the Red Terror.
September 16. Opening session of the anti-Soviet "State Conference" at Ufa under the chairmanship of the Right Social Revolutionary leader, Avksentiev, and formation of a "directory" government.
September 18. German and Austrian regiments at Mohilev and Rovno mutiny.
October 1. Mohilev taken by Soviet troops.
October 7. The Red Army retakes Samara.
November 13. In connection with the revolution in Germany, the Central Executive Committee of the Soviets decides to annul the peace treaty of Brest-Litovsk.
November 18. Kolchak orders the arrest of the Directory at Omsk and assumes dictatorial powers as Supreme Ruler.
December 1. The Ukrainian Government of Hetman Skoropadski at Kiev overthrown.
December 23. The Central Executive Committee of the Soviets recognizes the independence of Esthonia, Lithuania, and Latvia.

1919

January 3. Workers' uprising in Kharkov under Communist leadership.—The city is taken by Ukrainian Soviet troops.
January 18. British and French landing parties are put ashore at Odessa.
February 5. Ukrainian Soviet troops in drive from Kharkov take Kiev, ousting the Petlura forces. The Central Executive Committee of the Soviet ratifies the independence of the White-Russian Soviet Republic.
March 2-6. First Congress of the Communist International.
March 14. The French troops evacuate Nikolaev. The Soviet assumes power in the city.
April 6. The French evacuate Odessa.—The city is taken by Soviet forces. Red troops enter the Crimea at Perekop.
April 9. Kolchak starts a general offensive along the Eastern front.
May 9. Anti-Soviet uprising led by Hetman Grigoriev in the Ukraine.
May 14. Yudenich starts an offensive in the direction of Petrograd.
May 15. The Grigoriev uprising is put down.
May 19. Denikin starts his offensive from the South.
June 6. Peasant uprisings in Kolchak's rear.
June 14. The Allies recognize Kolchak as the Supreme Ruler of Russia.
June 25. The Denikin forces occupy the city of Kharkov.
July 7. The French navy shells the Black Sea coast in the vicinity of Odessa.
July 14. In a counter-offensive against Kolchak on the Eastern front the Soviet troops retake the city of Ekaterinburg.
July 23. The French navy shells the city of Ochakov on the Black Sea.
August 3. The English forces suffer defeat at Onega in the North.
August 17. General Mamonlov breaks through the Soviet front and raids the cities of Tambov and Kozlov.
August 23. Odessa is occupied by the forces of Denikin.
August 31. The Denikin forces capture Kiev.
September 3. The Siberian Revolutionary Committee is formed.
September 30. Conference of Baltic States decides to initiate peace negotiations with Soviet Russia.
October 11. Yudenich starts his second offensive in the direction of Petrograd.
October 12. The Allies declare the Baltic regions under blockade.
October 13. The Denikin forces take Orel in their drive toward Moscow.
October 20. The Red Army in its counter-offensive on the Denikin front recaptures Orel. Heavy fighting against the Yudenich forces in the vicinity of Petrograd.
October 22. Yudenich in retreat.
November 14. On the Yudenich front the Red Army captures Yamburg on the Esthonian border. On the Kolchak front the Red Army enters Omsk in Siberia.

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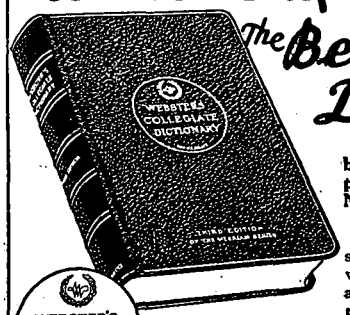

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November 20-26. The First Congress of the Communist Youth International is held in Berlin.
December 5-9. Seventh All-Russian Congress of the Soviets.—Resolution adopted offering to open peace negotiations with the Allies.
December 12. The Red Army captures Kharkov on the Denikin front.
December 14. The Mamontov and Shkuro cavalry are routed by Budenny.
December 16. Kiev taken by the Red Army.
December 27. Kolchak's train arrested by the Czechs. New government formed in Irkutsk.

1920

January 7. The Red Army enters Tomsk in Siberia.
January 8. The Kolchak forces routed at Krasnoyarsk. Red cavalry detachments enter Rostov.
February 2. Peace treaty with Esthonia signed.
February 6. Odessa taken by the Red Army.
February 19. Uprising in Archangel. The White Government flees the city.
February 21. Red troops enter Archangel.
February 29. First All-Russian Congress of Toiling Cossacks.
March 13. Murmansk occupied by the Red Army.
April 25. Poles start their offensive against Soviet Ukraine.
April 27. Revolutionary Committee seizes power in Baku.
April 29. Truce signed between the Japanese and Russian command at Vladivostok.
May 6. Kiev occupied by the Poles.
May 7. Treaty signed between Georgia and the RSFSR.
May 27. Autonomous Tartar Socialist Soviet Republic created as part of the RSFSR.
June 6. Counter-offensive of the Red Army against the Poles begins.
June 7. Wrangel forces start their offensive from the Crimea.
June 11. Kiev taken by the Red Army.
July 12. Peace treaty with Lithuania signed.
July 14. Vilna taken by the Red Army.
July 19. Opening session of the Second Congress of the Communist International.
August 1. Brest-Litovsk taken by the Red Army.
August 14. Peace treaty with Latvia signed.
August 18. Polish counter-offensive begins.
August 21. Brest-Litovsk and Kholm retaken by the Poles.
September 2. Bokhara is proclaimed a Soviet republic.
September 18. Peace treaties with Lithuania and Latvia ratified.
September 22. Alexandrovsk on the Dnieper is taken by Wrangel forces.
October 12. Armistice with Poland signed.
October 21. Chita in the Far East occupied by the forces of the People's Revolutionary Army.
October 23. The Red Army starts counter-offensive against Wrangel forces. Red troops cross the Dnieper at Alexandrovsk and capture the city.
November 1. The Far Eastern Republic formed with capital at Chita.
November 9. The Battle of Perekop. Red Army enters the Crimea.
November 17. Wrangel forces routed. All Crimea in the hands of the Red Army.
November 21. The army of the Far Eastern Republic defeats the Semenov forces. Semenov retreats into Mongolia.
November 30. Revolutionary Committee formed in Armenia.
December 22-29. Eighth All-Russian Congress of the Soviets. The program of electrification adopted.

1921

January 1. Peace treaty with Finland ratified.
February 25. Treaty of friendship with Afghanistan signed.
February 26. Treaty of friendship with Persia signed.

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February 26. Soviet Republic proclaimed in Georgia.
March 16. Treaty of friendship with Turkey. Trade agreement with England signed.
March 18. Peace treaty with Poland signed at Riga.
April 14. Ratification of the peace treaty with Poland.
April 24. University of the Toiling People of the East organized at Moscow.
May 6. Trade treaty with Germany.
June 3. Opening session of the First Congress of the Red Trade Union International at Moscow.
July 27. By decree of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviets the All-Russian Committee for the Relief of the Famine Stricken is formed.
August 11. The Council of People's Commissars publishes decision introducing the New Economic Policy (NEP).
October 12. The State Bank of the RSFSR is organized.
October 19. Autonomous Socialist Soviet Republic of the Crimea created.
December 8. Trade treaty with Austria signed.

1922

February 8. By decree of the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet Government the Extraordinary Commission for Combating Counter Revolution and Speculation (the Cheka) is dissolved and the State Political Department (GPU) is created.
April 4. Decree creating Chief Concessions Committee promulgated.
April 16. Soviet Russia recognized by Germany (Treaty of Rapallo).
June 5. Trade treaty with Czecho-Slovakia.
August 20. Litvinov signs agreement with the American Relief Administration (ARA).
October 11. The State Bank introduces the new *chervonetz* currency.
October 25. The Japanese evacuate Vladivostok.
November 19. The Far Eastern Republic joins the RSFSR.
December 23-27. Tenth Congress of the Soviets of the RSFSR assembles.
December 30. First Congress of the Soviets of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. The Congress issues a declaration proclaiming the creation of the Soviet Union and the treaty concluded between the republics entering the Union.

1923

May 5. The Soviet representative in Italy, Vorovsky, is assassinated by Konradi in Geneva.
May 15. Introduction of the Single Agricultural Tax.
July 4. Constitution of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics adopted.
July 13. First session of the Central Executive Committee of the Union.
July 19. Agricultural Exposition opened in Moscow.
October 10-15. First international peasant conference. The Peasant International formed.

1924

January 21. Lenin dies.
January 26. Second All-Union Congress of the Soviets. Petrograd renamed Leningrad.
January 27. Lenin's funeral.
February 2. Rykov elected chairman of the Council of People's Commissars.
February 8. Soviet Russia recognized by Italy.
February 14. Soviet Russia recognized by Norway.
February 20. Soviet Russia recognized by Austria.
February 22. Soviet currency put on a gold basis.
March 3. Soviet Russia recognized by England.
March 8. Soviet Russia recognized by Greece.
March 14. Soviet Russia recognized by Sweden.

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May 31. Soviet Russia recognized by China.
June 18. Soviet Russia recognized by Denmark.
August. Soviet Russia recognized by Mexico.
October 28. Soviet Russia recognized by France.

1925

January 20. Agreement signed with Japan for the resumption of trade and diplomatic relations.
October 12. Trade treaty signed between the Soviet Union and Germany.
December 6. Opening up of the Shatura Electric Station near Moscow.
December 15. Trade treaty signed between the Soviet Union and Norway.
December 17. Treaty of neutrality signed between Turkey and the Soviet Union.

1926

February 25. Franco-Soviet conference for the liquidation of outstanding differences between France and the Soviet Union starts work in Paris.
April 24. Treaty of neutrality with Germany signed in Berlin.
April 25. Economy campaign initiated.
May 8. The Nevsky Works in Leningrad produce the first cotton-ginning machine of Russian make.
May 16. Foundation laid for the first tractor works at Stalingrad. The works will employ 10,000 workers.
July 20. Felix Dzerjinsky dies.
August 23. Soviet Russia recognized by Uruguay.
August 31. Treaty of neutrality and non-aggression signed by the Soviet Union and Afghanistan.
November 28. Treaty of neutrality and non-aggression with Lithuania arranged.

1927

May 12. Arcos House in London raided by the British police.
May 24. Rupture of diplomatic relations between the Soviet Union and Great Britain.
June 7. Soviet Ambassador Voikov in Warsaw assassinated by a Russian White Guardist.
October 1. New treaty with Persia signed.
October 13. France asks for recall of M. Rakovsky, Soviet Ambassador to Paris.
October ... Decision providing for the introduction during the next year of the seven-hour day for all factory workers.
November 7. Celebration of Tenth Anniversary of the October Revolution.

The Soviet Invasion of America

By TANSY McNAB

WHILE in a diplomatic sense Washington and Moscow do not speak as they pass by, New York and Moscow are conversing more and more intimately on economic matters and are exchanging visits with growing frequency. Scores of American bankers and business men and engineers have visited the USSR in the past two years. Scores of Soviet industrial executives and technicians and scientists have made trips to the United States. On both sides one subject is strictly taboo—politics and diplomatic relations. Most of the Soviet visitors, except the scientists, do not go to Washington at all. They pass up the show city on the Potomac in favor of tours to the steel mills of Pennsylvania, the oil fields of California and Texas, the hydro-electric plants at Niagara, the automobile factories at Detroit, particularly the mechanized hive of Henry Ford.

The number of these pilgrims from the Soviet Union during the past two years has been well over 250. They come singly and in delegations and stay from a few weeks

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to six months or more. The largest contingent consisted of fifty peasant boys who came over last year to study automotive principles at the Ford school in Detroit. Another large delegation consisted of twenty-one agricultural scientists, headed by the eminent Dr. K. D. Glinka, who came to attend the sessions of the First International Congress of Soil Science held in Washington last June, and subsequently made a tour of the country for research and study. They formed the largest foreign delegation at the congress, and their exhibit of soil samples and charts was the most comprehensive. Other scientific visitors have been Dr. V. V. Obolensky-Ossinsky, editor of the magazine *World Policy and World Economy* and an editor of the new Soviet Encyclopedia; Dr. John G. Alexandroff, professor of hydro-electrics at the University of Moscow and father of the Dnieper River project; Professor V. V. Talonoff, director of the Soviet Institute of Applied Botany, and Dr. Boris E. Linberg, dean of the Medical Faculty and director of the Surgical Clinic at Smolensk University.

Vladimir Mayakovsky, the Soviet poet, came over a year ago. Stanislavsky has led his players of the Russian Art Theater for a tour of the United States under the tutelage of Morris Gest, and the Second Studio of the Art Theater has also come with a repertory of opera including a new Carmen and a lively interpretation of Lysistrata. The actors of the famous old Jewish Habima Theater have also enjoyed an American tour. Director Nemirovich-Dantchenko of the Moscow Art Theater has put in some time at Hollywood and Director Glagolin of the Revolutionary Theater visited the United States this fall.

Virtually every important phase of American production or of industrial organization has been studied at first-hand by these eager-minded guests. Among recent visitors, executives and technicians of the Donugal Coal Trust have inspected mining methods in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Illinois, and plants manufacturing coal-mining machinery; several delegations from the Soviet oil trusts have made an intensive survey of our oil fields and oil machinery; experts from the Metal Institute at Leningrad have investigated our metal industries preparatory to drawing plans for the expenditure of $300,000,000 for new plants and mills in the Soviet Union; Soviet hydro-electric engineers have toured the country to visit all the more important power plants; the glass and porcelain industry, the rubber industry, the canning industry, the timber industry, and others have come in for minute observation by Soviet inquisitors. A delegation from the Ukrainian cooperatives, which run 10,060 stores, recently made a study of the methods of American department stores, chain stores, restaurants, bakeries, and large warehouses. Soviet agronomists and statisticians have toured the country studying farm methods from coast to coast. Once a year executives of the Soviet Textile Syndicate come over to inspect their American cotton-purchasing agency, which purchased American cotton to the value of $45,000,000 in the past year.

In fact all the Soviet visitors have met a cordial welcome from American industrialists, whether they came to leave substantial orders with the Amtorg Trading Corporation, which buys equipment here for the big Soviet trusts, or whether their visits were merely platonic—i. e., for study. The scientists have also been well received. They have included such distinguished names as Professor Glinka, Dr. Adolf Joffe, physicist; Dr. D. I. Mushketov, director of the Soviet Geological Committee.

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One Soviet visitor, a young man representing the Northern Timber Trust, had a veritable American Odyssey. Entering the country on the Pacific Coast, he worked as a lumberjack in Western camps and then got jobs in various sawmills. Thereafter he took a course in forestry at a West Coast university. With this apprenticeship he presented his introductions and made a study of the timber industry in all parts of the country, finally winding up with a survey of the operation of pulp mills, wood-working factories, and plants producing machinery for the industry.

Reciprocally, American engineers are now assisting in developing the ambitious superpower plans in the Soviet Union; they are supervising the construction of model coal mines in the Donetz Basin, designing new metal plants and glass factories for Soviet industry, helping to revive the platinum works on the slopes of the Urals. In fact Moscow and New York have developed a broader network of relations than before the war.

Contributors to This Issue

LOUIS FISCHER is *The Nation's* correspondent in Russia.

N. KRUPSKAYA, the widow of Nikolai Lenin, is in charge of Political Education in the Soviet Union.

ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS, author of "Through the Russian Revolution," has lived and traveled in Russia for more than four years collecting material for a book on peasant life.

ROGER BALDWIN, organizer and director of the American Civil Liberties Union, has been making a study of civil rights and the treatment of political prisoners in various countries of Europe, including Russia.

SERGE MIKHAILOVICH EISENSTEIN, known in the United States for his great picture "Potemkin," is the most famous motion-picture director in Soviet Russia.

MICHAEL ZOSHCHENKO is one of the youngest Russian writers, author of "Esteemed Citizens."

MAX EASTMAN, author of "Leon Trotsky" and "Since Lenin Died," has translated verse and prose by many of Russia's revolutionary writers.

L. RAKOVSKY, wife of the former Soviet Ambassador to France, is a journalist and social worker.

JOHN WALDHORN GASSNER is a novelist and poet of New York.

JOSHUA KUNITZ is in the department of English at the College of the City of New York.

HAWTHORNE DANIEL is author of "Ships of the Seven Seas."

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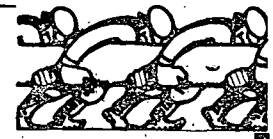

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